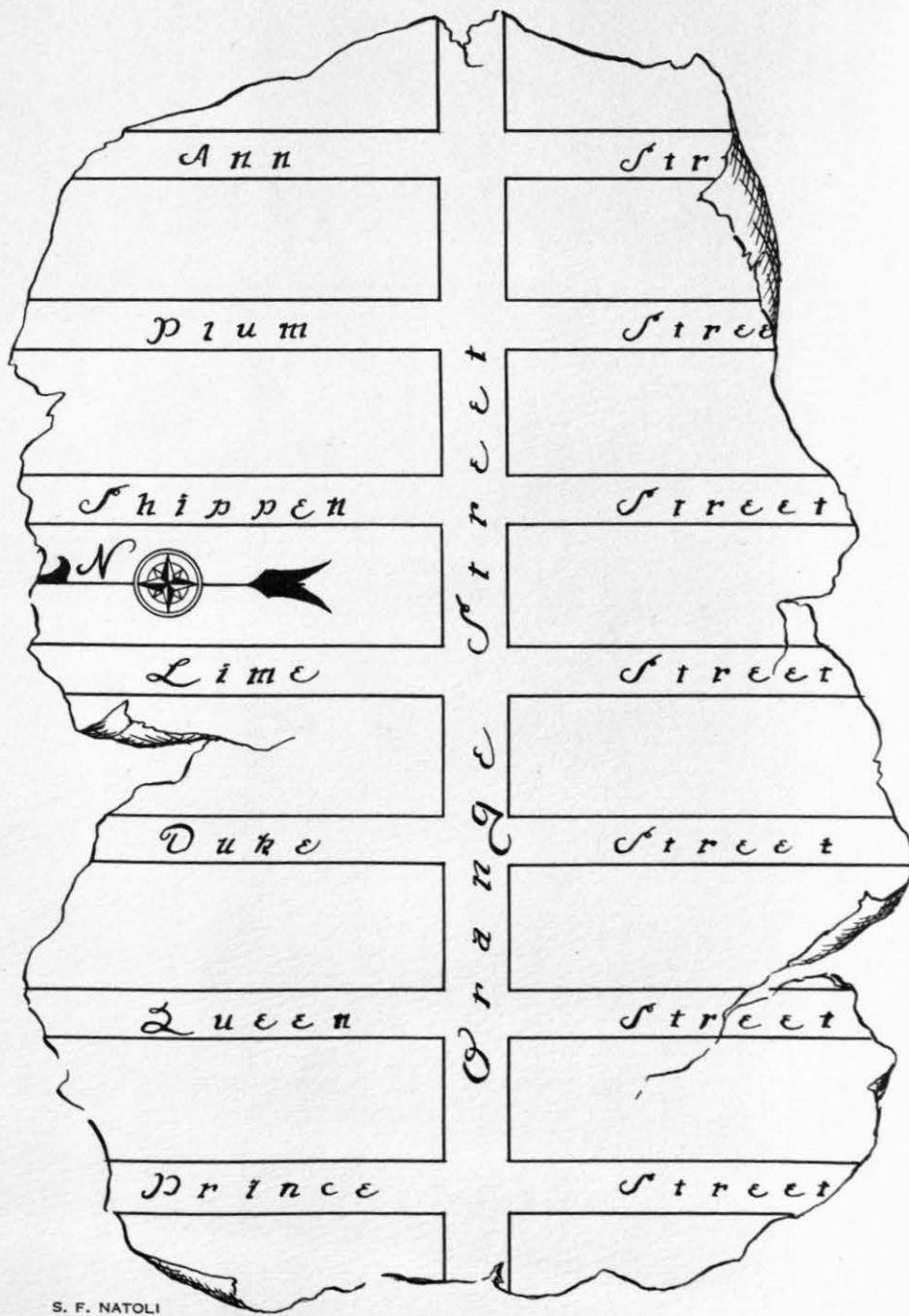




ORANGE STREET, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

ORANGE STREET



For the Wellesley College
Library

from
By Marion Wallace Reninger

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IN MEMORY OF
MY FATHER
GEORGE A. WALLACE
WORTHY SON OF OLD LANCASTER COUNTY ANCESTRY
AND
MY MOTHER
HELEN CRAWLEY BILYEU WALLACE
WHO CAME FROM HER NATIVE PHILADELPHIA TO LIVE
HER HAPPY LIFE ON ORANGE STREET

Foreword

The book is written about an old street in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on which many historic and interesting events took place—from before the Revolutionary War up to the present time. This series of sketches recounts stories of national interest as well as local tradition.

*It would indeed be false to say
that the characters in this book
bear no resemblance
to any one living or dead.*

*The contrary is true,
in these tales of an old street.
Some characters are historical.
Most were or are real people.
A few are fictitious or traditional.*

My thanks are due to Dr. H. M. J. Klein
Emeritus Professor of History at Franklin and Marshall College,
for his kindness and encouragement while writing these sketches
of Orange Street.

Also to Miss Mary A. Ranck, Secretary of the Lancaster
County Historical Society for her patience and cooperation
while I worked at the Society's rooms.

Thanks are due also to Mrs. Sam J. Natoli for
typing all my manuscripts so efficiently.

Numerous friends also have recalled incidents of
Orange Street happenings and people and to them I want to
express my sincere appreciation.

MARION WALLACE RENINGER

Lancaster, Pennsylvania
October 17, 1954

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CHAPTER I

Panorama

ORANGE STREET slopes gradually uphill eastward from Prince Street to Shippen Street. Old trees arch gracefully over this busy modern thoroughfare from Duke to Shippen, as they did a hundred years and more ago. There is an air of gentility and dignity in the old buildings.

When I was a child on Orange Street, I remember being wakened before dawn by the ring of horses' hoofs on the cobblestones. These horses were drawing market wagons laden with country produce to the curb market. Stalls were set up, the wagons backed to the curb beside them, from below Duke Street, around the corner, and down to the Court House pavements. This became a busy scene of buying and selling even before daylight. Lancaster citizens, invariably carrying baskets, jostled each other on the narrow sidewalk. Lighted by the farmers' lanterns, the squawking chickens were inspected, the dressed fowls duly pinched for tenderness, the cider tasted and apple butter sampled. As daylight arrived the market continued in full swing. When their goods were disposed of, the plain people—Menno-nites, Amish and Dunkards—brought their horses from the nearby livery stables at the "Leopard" or "Swan" Hotels, hitched them to the wagons, and returned to their farms in time for a day's work in the fields or barns.

There were other sales made on Orange Street. I recall a colored "Crab Man" who came up Orange Street every Friday noon. His high piercing cry "Crabs for Sale"—"Hot Deviled Crabs For Sale" brought housekeepers to their front doors. Hot from the oven these dainties were wrapped carefully in clean linen and packed in chip baskets. In our house on Orange Street near Shippen, there were many rings of the door bell. Scissor grinders appeared periodically. Members of a German band group, after two or three selections, would ask for contributions. A special treat was the visit of the hurdy-gurdy man, complete with his monkey, tipping his cap spasmodically in thanks for pennies from the audience. In the early spring, farmers' wives went from door to door selling fresh dandelion greens, acclaimed widely as a spring tonic. Fall was the season when the country gardens contributed wagon loads of gorgeous, colorful bouquets, along the Orange Street scene.

Handsome and spirited horses, harnessed to carriages called traps, surreys or Germantowns, trotted lightly out East Orange Street, after the hard pull upgrade from Lime to Shippen Streets. At afternoon calling hours, ladies in victorias, holding small parasols over their silk or satin costumes, were occasionally to be gazed at and admired.

On Sunday morning, just before church time, there was a universal outpouring from the houses along Orange Street. The procession, on its way to the various churches, was worth seeing. Everyone, in Sunday best, walked sedately and very conscious of Orange Street propriety.

On Saturday evening at five o'clock, all the church bells sounded sweet and clear on Orange Street. This was an old custom reminding people to prepare for the Sabbath.

All the hours were struck loudly by the clock on St. Anthony's Catholic Church, both day and night. It was a reassuring sound, when one was anxious to get to school on time, or meet some friends for a picnic on the Reservoir grounds.

When bicycles became popular, most of the Orange Street families built small "sheds" in the rear yards to house their "wheels." Later autos began to appear, one by one, among the vehicles on Orange Street. We stopped in our tracks to note the auto riders in linen dusters and the women's flowing veils.

During the early 1900's on Saturday evening about eight o'clock at the corner of Orange and Shippen Streets, twenty or more neighborhood children would gather for the weekly trek of walking down to Duke Street for ice cream at Miss Lizzie's confectionery parlor. They often sang as they marched and took over all the tables of that little place while slowly savoring the delightful flavors of creams and ices—a very special treat in those times.

Customs have changed. The traffic of the National Lincoln Highway now passes along Orange Street. It is interesting today to recall some of the tales of people who have made their way along this historic pathway of Lancaster.

CHAPTER II

Peggy Shippen

WALKING with my father up and down Orange Street through my early years, I learned to distinguish the old houses where notable people had lived a century or more before. The beautiful old doorways and shuttered windows attracted my admiration. The finest house of all was the old Shippen mansion. It was of yellow brick, generously spread out facing south at the northwest corner of Orange at Lime. In the rear was a large garden.

Later I learned the story of Peggy Shippen, the granddaughter of Edward Shippen who lived in the yellow mansion. Following his celebrated grandfather of the same name, he was Mayor of Philadelphia and one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. In 1752, he came to Lancaster, and built his spacious home. In 1774, Edward Shippen was on the Committee to join with the inhabitants of Boston and Philadelphia, to protest against the British Act of Parliament in closing the port of Boston. His son in Philadelphia, Edward Shippen, in 1791, became one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and in 1799 Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. The daughters of this distinguished citizen of Philadelphia came often to visit their grandparents on Orange Street. Peggy Shippen was one of these vivacious and popular girls. There took place on Orange Street, a meeting between Edward Shippen's

granddaughter and the young British prisoner John André. He was in great demand, as his charming personality made him welcome among Edward Shippen's friends and neighbors. The Caleb Cope family, who were Quakers, took André into their home, just a half block south of Orange Street, on Lime. Pleasant gatherings of these friends and neighbors often took place at Christopher Marshall's hospitable home just above Lime Street on Orange. His famous diary notes many details of these exciting days during the Revolution.

The friendship of Peggy Shippen and John André was furthered during General Howe's occupation of Philadelphia.

John André was born in London in 1751, the son of a Genevan merchant and his British wife. After his father's death, he became head of the family. When he was eighteen, he joined with his sisters a literary coterie in Litchfield, England, where they then resided. Among the members was the beautiful Honora Sneyd. André and Miss Sneyd became attached and were engaged to marry. Her family refused to permit this marriage, so the romance cooled. Later, she became the second wife of Richard Edgeworth. The noted writer Maria Edgeworth was her stepdaughter. Her rejection of André, however, by no means destroyed his attachment. In describing his capture, October 2, 1775, by the American forces after the capitulation of St. John's he wrote, "I have been stripped of everything but the picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth. Preserving this, I still think myself fortunate."

Depressed by the loss of Honora, and in order to distract his mind, he had travelled for a time in continental Europe and then returned to enlist in the British Army for service in America. Sent to join the King's forces in Canada, he was appointed the Quartermaster of the VIIth Regiment of Royal Fusileers.

After the battle of Quebec, André was conveyed with a large number of British prisoners, both officers and men, to Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The town was considered a safe place for their lodging. It was "convenient to both capitals, Philadelphia and York, and yet not so close to the scene of military operations as to be unsafe for prisoners of war." Many of these prisoners reached Lancaster in a destitute condition. Since the Colonial government, having very little money for its own continental army's needs, was unable to supply these prisoners, they were given the comforts of life by Lancaster citizens. The private soldiers were kept at the Barracks. The officers obtained lodgings at public or private houses. André not only found shelter under the roof of Caleb Cope but had congenial associations with his family and friends.

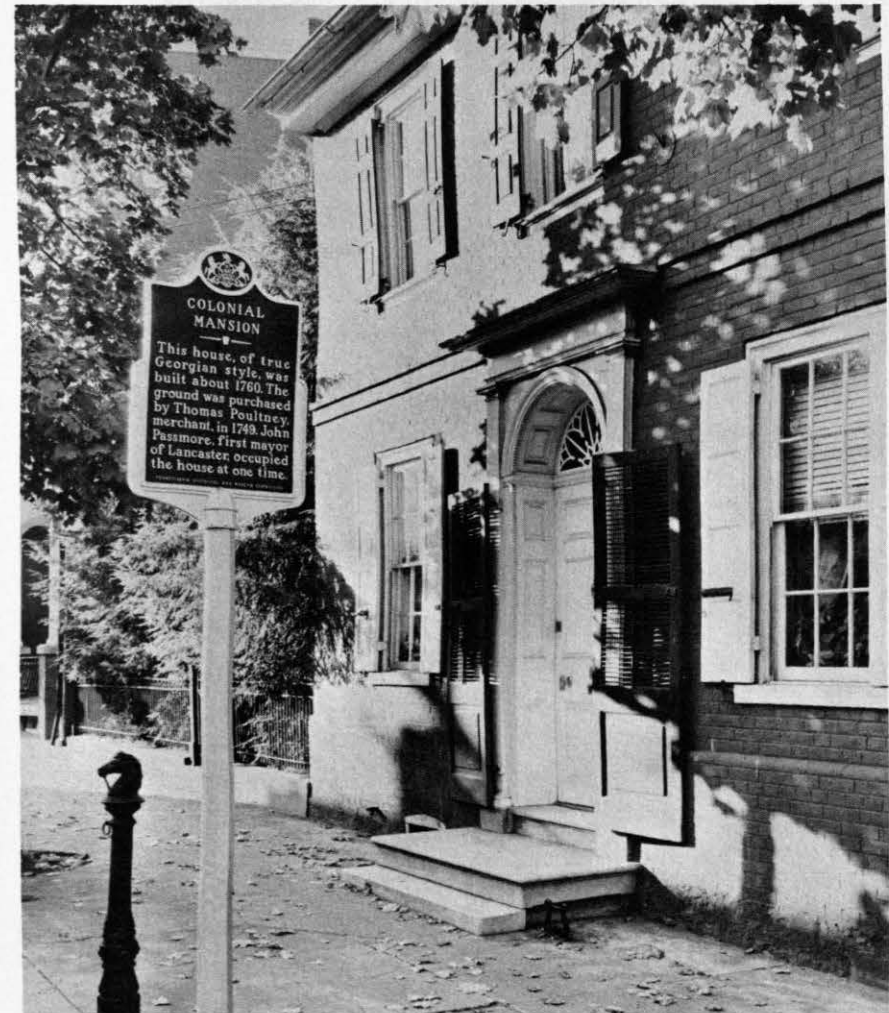
As we have noted, Edward Shippen lived only a short distance from the Cope house half way on Lime Street between Orange and King. Throughout the years of the Revolution he was an outstanding citizen of Lancaster. His name headed the list of contributors and he served as Chairman of the committee for a fund raised July 9, 1774, for the relief of the people of Boston. A Presbyterian, he became one of the founders and a Trustee of Princeton College.

His friend and neighbor Christopher Marshall wrote in his diary this entry on Sunday, July 26, 1778.

"Returned from the Dutch Presbyterian meeting house with Edward Shippen, who pressed me to stop at his house and drank a glass of beer of his own brewing." Passing events of the Revolution were all chronicled by Marshall in his valuable, gossipy, sometimes acrimonious diary. Reports of the advance of the British were daily received. One day the enemy was said to be at Downingtown. Another day British troops were reported within 18 miles of Lancaster. The British actually entered Philadelphia, September 26, 1777. For that one day Lancaster was the seat of the Continental Congress—September 26, 1777. Writes Marshall, "Many Philadelphians came as did our President or Governor of the Executive Council and the members of the Assembly, who met here this day in the Court House. Then Congress set off for York."

Nearly opposite Christopher Marshall on Orange Street lived Timothy Matlack, Secretary of the Supreme Executive Council of the colony of Pennsylvania.

Among these citizens, Cope's prisoner André was freely welcomed. That this good treatment of a prisoner by the Quaker Copes was not popular, however, appears in an account of that time that a mob of Lancaster's humbler citizens attacked by throwing stones and smashed all the windows in the Caleb Cope mansion. André, whose genial manner and personality won him respect and liking, was called



HOME OF LANCASTER'S FIRST MAYOR—JOHN PASSMORE

upon to use his talents in art. A select class was established to teach drawing to the Cope children and several others.

Thomas Cope, writing years later about his recollections of André, says "I was a small boy at the time, but well remember André's bland manners, sporting with us children, as one of us, more especially attached to John. We often played marbles and other boyish games with him." André's lessons in drawing and painting doubtless started him on his later career as a portrait painter. William Barton, whom André taught to draw, later designed the seal of the United States. Robert Fulton, famous as the inventor of the steam boat, was a pupil in the class. Another pupil to become famous later as a naturalist and physician was Benjamin Smith Barton.

It happened that Caleb Cope was a surveyor. In his office, where André taught his drawing classes, the walls were lined with maps. These were carefully surveyed charts of the roads in eastern Pennsylvania. While the children were engaged in their tasks, the young British officer was not idle. Later in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, Washington and his aides were amazed at the expert knowledge the British troops seemed to possess of the Pennsylvania roads. Through this means supplies were easily conveyed to the armed forces of His Majesty George III. André's careful copies of Caleb Cope's maps proved extremely useful.

Upon taking up residence at the Cope house, André had signed a parole which read:—

"I, John André, being a prisoner in the United

Colonies in America, do, upon my honor of a gentleman, promise that I will not go into or near any seaport town, nor further than six miles from Lancaster, without leave of the Continental Congress, or the Committee of Safety of Pennsylvania. I will carry on no political correspondence whatever on the subject of the dispute between Great Britain and the Colonies, so long as I remain a prisoner."

After several months, December 1775 until April 1776, in these comfortable surroundings, and making many friends, orders came to transfer the British prisoners to Carlisle. From Carlisle, André wrote to a friend in Lancaster, in the German language. He says "Please give my respects to H. Graff and tell him I have received the maps and thank him." Since this was the only letter known to have been written in German by André, his Lancaster friend must have been a German. While traveling in Europe, André spent a year in Germany and no doubt learned the language at that time.

His stay in Carlisle was short and very uncomfortable. Soon André was exchanged as a prisoner of war and sent to Philadelphia to report to General Howe, the Commander of the British Army occupying that city. He made rapid advances and the popular young man soon became Howe's Aide-de-Camp.

The Americans under Washington in that fall of 1777 had fallen back upon the hills north of the Schuylkill River at Valley Forge. The British, 10,000 strong, had captured Philadelphia by sending the Fleet from New York to capture the Delaware forts

and so on up the Delaware River. For the Tories, still hoping to stay under British rule, this was a delightful vindication. For the Colonies, however, it was a hard time. The young ladies of Philadelphia found the young British officers very attractive and welcomed them into the society of the city. Captain André now was sought after as a linguist, a musician and one of the leaders in preparing a series of plays for which the Philadelphia theatre was made ready. There were balls and parties galore. In the gay whirl of that winter, Peggy Shippen renewed the acquaintance with André begun on Orange Street in Lancaster. Among the young officers, André was one most frequently entertained. A Philadelphia belle, writing about events of this gay winter says,

"To attend all the parties Peggy Chew has three new frocks and Margaret Shippen four. I am to step the minuet with Captain André, such a pretty, engaging fellow."

The farmers of the neighborhood brought ample supplies to the British bottled up in Philadelphia. They had plenty of money to pay well for food. The poor straggling troops of the colonists at Valley Forge with Washington had a struggle to get enough to eat. It seems to us now they would have been an easy prey if the British had come out to fight them that dreary winter. No doubt it was General Howe's love of ease and pleasure which caused the troops of his majesty to sit in comfort and idleness. Washington's strong personality, on the contrary, was all that held his men through all their hardships. He

boldly planned the venture of crossing the frozen Delaware river on Christmas Eve. A great number of Hessians were captured in their celebration, and taken prisoners at Trenton.

At last the ministry in London became aroused and indignant with Howe's delay in punishing the colonies. Sir Henry Clinton was dispatched to replace Howe. The good times of winter quarters in Philadelphia were at an end for the soldiers of the King.

A great idea for a wonderful celebration, to end Howe's services and to welcome the new commander Clinton, took shape. André and his friends spent hours reading in the Philadelphia Library company's books. They then conceived the idea of a great fete, to be called the Meschianza. It was given at the country home of a grave Quaker, Joseph Wharton. This was a fabulous spectacle.

Beginning one morning, the guests were towed up the Delaware river in decorated barges. After a water pageant, the entire company led by Sir William Howe came up to a large field on the estate, where stands had been erected for the audience. A mock tournament then took place. Each knight wearing the colors of his special queen displayed his skill at jousting and horsemanship. The fourteen queens wore Turkish costumes designed by André. This enormous spectacle, modeled after descriptions of the historic Field Of The Cloth of Gold, lasted all the afternoon.

At twilight they all entered the house for supper. The ball followed in a ballroom draped in pink and

blue with a thousand candles, reflected in the mirrored walls. Here dancing lasted until dawn.

It is said that Mr. Shippen had refused permission to his daughters to take part in this gay event. However, Peggy Shippen's name had been listed as one of the Queens in a letter of André's to a friend in London before the celebration. The story persists that although Mr. Shippen said he objected to the costumes (Turkish, with full trousers), as being immodest, he was really anxious not to offend his Quaker fellow citizens. As a spectator, however, Peggy is said to have witnessed it all.

Leaving Philadelphia, Gen. Clinton struck out for New York where he established his headquarters early in 1778. The young André became, in spite of his youth and the short term of his service, the Adjutant General and close confidante of General Clinton. The management of the General's correspondence fell to his lot.

One day in the spring of 1779, a letter was received by General Clinton in New York, stating that the writer was in sympathy with the British aims and could disclose knowledge of value about the American Army. It was signed by a fictitious name, Gustavus. André, as Adjutant General, answered this first letter in general terms, seeking for more information and signing himself, John Anderson. More detailed correspondence followed. From the intimate knowledge of facts and details about the American forces, Clinton and André finally decided no less a personage than General Benedict Arnold could possibly possess all this information.

At this point, André decided to use his past acquaintance with Peggy Shippen, now Mrs. Benedict Arnold, to establish the facts.

The ever ambitious widower Benedict Arnold had won young Peggy Shippen after a long and ardent wooing. Due to his undaunted bravery and military skill at the battle of Saratoga, where his leg was severely injured, Arnold had won Washington's steadfast approbation. A court-martial was held in regard to some of Arnold's transactions in the commissary department of the Continental Army. Arnold's pride was severely injured by the verdict of a severe reprimand to him, and a decision against his methods and behavior. Washington tried to lessen Arnold's mortification as he still held him in high regard as an officer. So he appointed General Benedict Arnold in command of Philadelphia after the British evacuated the city.

Arnold had tried at least once before to woo a second wife from a wealthy family. The records show that his letters, composed for the former belle, were copied and used again to court Peggy Shippen. At the wedding, Arnold, who was twice the age of his bride, had to be supported by a soldier. The old wound in his leg was still troublesome and he could not stand on it. At the reception, he reclined on a chair. At the time of this second marriage, his sister in Connecticut was in charge of his children by his first wife. The small property there was all he possessed. The Shippens, being prominent and wealthy, received him into the family with some misgivings. No doubt it was his ambition to display his devotion

to his new wife that led him to the lavish purchase of the expensive estate, Mount Pleasant.* As commander of Philadelphia, General Arnold was expected to entertain on a large scale. His debts mounted and living expenses increased. Clearly he needed money and plenty of it.

Thus driven by jealousy and ambitions Arnold planned a course to get even with these Colonial leaders, who had not appreciated his own self esteem as a great military genius. Also, Arnold was exceedingly angry at the honors given to young Frenchmen. As an old seasoned officer, he resented the promotions particularly of the young Lafayette whom Congress honored, in spite of his inexperience. Arnold was like many others of the time, still dominated by the old British distrust of the French. He actually feared, it is said, that with France as America's ally, the colonies would come under the tyranny of the French which would exceed that of England. There his judgment was entirely wrong. He was of a very jealous and headstrong temperament. Brooding over Washington's deep friendship for the young Lafayette, he decided to test Washington's attach-

* Mount Pleasant, called by John Adams in 1775, "The most elegant seat in Pennsylvania" was in some ways the most historic house of all. Built about 1761 by Captain MacPherson and first named "Clunie," after the seal of the MacPherson clan in Scotland, it was purchased by B. Arnold in 1779 as a gift for his bride, Peggy Shippen.

The General still then a shining hero in American eyes was military governor of Philadelphia after the British evacuation. But the General never lived in Mount Pleasant and had no chance, with his bride, to exercise his love of lavish entertainment. His treachery catching up with him, Mount Pleasant was returned to Captain MacPherson who sold it again. For a while it was occupied by Baron Von Steuben, "Drillmaster of the Colonial Army." It is now completely refurnished as a Colonial museum open to the public.

ment to himself. He therefore requested the post as commander of West Point. Although he had taken his oath to support the Continental Army with his life, he planned to turn over this most strategic post in the colonies to the British. In return he asked for a large sum of money and a generalship in the King's army, which he eventually received. Thus his envy, jealousy and supreme lust for power overcame any scruples he may have possessed. Washington granted Arnold's request.

West Point had always been the place the British war strategy desired. If they succeeded in establishing supremacy of the Hudson valley, it was thought they could divide the colonies of the north from their southern compatriots. In the early days of the Revolution the British force planned to come down from Quebec and meet a force sent north from New York. This plan had been frustrated by the brave fighting of the Americans at Lake Champlain and Ticonderoga.

With the firm conviction that Gustavus was General Arnold, André decided to write a letter to Mrs. Arnold. He paid his respects to her, mentioned their pleasant days of friendship and inquired whether he could do her the service of buying dress materials and trimmings in New York, as they were not then procurable in Philadelphia. As a youth, André had always been interested in his sister's "fripperies" and knew how to select and appraise silks, gauze ruchings, cap wires and needles used by the ladies of the period.

One cannot help believing, but there is no actual

proof, that Peggy Shippen realized her husband's treachery. She apparently showed him André's letter without really understanding what it implied. A reply from Peggy Shippen Arnold, dictated no doubt by her husband, was received. For over a year this correspondence went on in the form of letters about merchandise. It was like the letters of two merchants dealing with each other about the number of yards of material and amounts of money. Both understood clearly what was explained without being expressed. At last came the time for arranging important matters. General Clinton, through André, urged General Arnold to write final details. Arnold, though, absolutely insisted that André—or John Anderson—be sent to discuss with him in person the final plans.

On receiving command of West Point, Arnold took up his residence just across the river at the home of Beverly Robinson, a Tory. Here with him were his wife, his baby and his staff officers. Now in this proud position and his great domestic happiness, Arnold's ambition knew no bounds. He completed arrangements with General Clinton to deliver West Point to the British.

Clinton instructed André to wear his British uniform and on no account to remove it as he boarded the British warship, the *Vulture*, on the morning of September 25, 1780 at New York. The ship proceeded up the Hudson and anchored near the entrance to West Point late that evening. After several delays, André was rowed in a small boat to shore, under a flag of truce. He met Arnold in the thick woods before West Point. Their discussion lasted

until dawn. The boatmen then refused to row André back to the *Vulture*, in the daylight, as the ship had proceeded quite a distance down the river. Much against André's will, Arnold persuaded him to withdraw to the house of Joshua Hett Smith nearby. He was to wait until evening to be rowed back to the *Vulture*. Fire from the guns of West Point had been trained upon the *Vulture* when noted as a British warship. The captain therefore took it on down the Hudson. Before he left for his home just across the river, Arnold made Smith promise to go with André on horseback the following morning and see him safely to the British lines. They set out some time in the night. Smith insisted it was necessary for André to change to civilian clothes for safety. They rode south together for a couple of hours. Then Smith directed André towards the British lines and turned back. "How great a role was played in the destiny of our nation," as a historian comments, "by that solitary traveller, we cannot estimate."

In the hasty preparations for leaving, André had placed Arnold's papers with the plans in the soles of his boots. These were his own London boots of a most expensive quality. No doubt the gay young officer had bought the best and handsomest pair he could find. As he rode down the highway towards New York, actually in sight of the British lines ahead, he was stopped by three men. They were colonial soldiers who had been playing cards by the roadside. They asked him rather lazily which party he belonged to. He thought at first they were British sympathizers so he said he belonged to the British. They kept

their eyes on his boots. He lost his head and wildly offered them his horse, his watch and an enormous sum of money, if they would only release him to the British sentinel ahead. This amount sounded so unheard of to them, that they grew suspicious. They forced him to take off his boots in which were Arnold's papers. The three then realized that this was no ordinary traveller. Consulting together, they forced André to go with them to White Plains. There they explained to the commanding officer that they had found a spy with papers about West Point.

Colonel Lamb, in charge of troops at White Plains, was about to send this newly captured spy with his plans of West Point to General Arnold at once. Upon the suggestion of another officer, however, he sent a messenger ahead to report to General Arnold's headquarters the message that a spy had been captured. Since there were taken also with him complete plans of West Point, he was later dispatching the prisoner, under guard.

Arnold had been formulating his arrangements for months in order to convey the Fortress of West Point to the British in the simplest possible way. For some weeks and up to the very day André was to arrive for the conference, Arnold had ordered troops sent in several directions "on wood cutting forces." That on these expeditions to cut fire wood for use by the troops on the Hudson most of the high ranking officers at the Fort were sent hundreds of miles into distant forests had been questioned by some of the subordinate officers. Knowing their commander's stubborn and high handed authority, they witnessed

the dispersal of all but a mere skeleton force with ill-concealed concern. Moreover, it happened that the Commander-in-Chief Washington himself was busy nearby inspecting Connecticut troops. No one expected that he would come to West Point. So Arnold planned to consign West Point, whose scant number of defenders could be easily overwhelmed by the British in a surprise attack, as soon as possible after the interview with Major André.

However, events took an unexpected course. When the message from White Plains reached Arnold, he rushed to say a brief farewell to his wife, and was quickly rowed to the British warship in the Hudson. A few hours after Arnold's hurried flight, General Washington arrived at West Point to find only a few embarrassed Junior officers in charge. Chagrined at not receiving the proper salutes and military deference as expected, he was shocked and almost heart broken when he learned the truth. Arnold in whom he had implicit confidence was a traitor to the cause. Washington exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Who now can we trust in the Colonies?"

The absent garrison was recalled at once. General Washington left only after being assured of the safety of West Point. By his orders, Mrs. Arnold and her baby were given protection and sent to relatives in New York. Later she rejoined Arnold and returned with him to England, where they passed their entire lives far from their American relatives and family friends. Arnold died years before Peggy who stayed abroad to bring up her children as Britishers.

All in vain were all General Clinton's efforts to

save André. He was executed as a spy on the morning of October 2, 1780. He was not in British uniform when captured, and the custom was held to "Hang a spy." André wrote to Washington himself, asking that at least he might have a soldier's death to be shot instead of hanged but no reply was sent. He displayed great courage to the end. Many Americans criticized Washington for the manner of André's death. However, Washington was vindicated by the usages of war. All felt it a cruel fate for the much loved young André, when the real traitor Arnold had escaped scot-free. The entire British army went into mourning. A tablet was later erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey in London.

Could it be that the ghosts of Peggy Shippen and André sometimes visit old Orange Street?

CHAPTER III

Properties

STANDING at the corner of Shippen and Orange Street one sees the house on the N. W. Corner once occupied by John Passmore. It is of Georgian architecture, red brick and further embellished with white paint and iron work and perhaps the most beautiful of Lancaster's old houses still intact.

Passing down Orange Street on the north side one comes to the Christopher Marshall home. A tablet was placed upon the remodeled front wall while it was occupied by the late Mrs. Mary Mercur Eshleman, wife of Col. B. Frank Eshleman, one of Lancaster's prominent citizens. Almost opposite in this block were the residences of Amos Ellwaker, noted lawyer, Timothy Matlack of Colonial and Revolutionary fame, and the family home of James Black, lawyer and father of William Murray Black, the U. S. Army engineer who helped build the Panama Canal. At the S. W. corner of Lime at Orange stands the yellow brick house with a profusion of ironwork seldom seen except in New Orleans, the home of the late Kline family.

Orange Street has been the location for many years of the Y. W. C. A. Building erected on the site of the old Shippen homestead. This commodious and useful property was planned by a Lancaster architect, Henry Y. Shaub.

At North Queen and Orange Streets stands the

Y. M. C. A. Now celebrating the centennial of its origin it offers a variety of uses as a home and club and meeting place of Lancaster's young men.

The Bishop Bowman Home for Aged Women was long maintained on Orange Street near Cherry by the Episcopal Church. A new Lutheran home for older members has just been opened in the block above in the North mansion.

The schools on Orange Street were many. During the post-Revolutionary days appeared newspaper notices such as these:—

David Doyle opened a school in the house adjoining the South End of the Calvinistic Church yard on Orange Street where youth will be instructed in English Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic, Bookkeeping and the Latin and Greek languages. "Mr. Doyle is a shrewd advertiser," notes P. M. Harbold from whose paper on Schools and Education for the Lancaster Historical Society (1942) we quote, "for he requests early application because he agreed with certain gentlemen to limit the enrollment."

Later: April 14, 1797

"Mr. Doyle respectfully informs the parents and guardians of young ladies, that from the first day of May next, he begs to be excused admitting young ladies in his Day School, until provided with more suitable accommodations. But to compensate for the want of a grammatical and geographical teacher for that sex, he will keep his School open from 6 to 8 o'clock in the morning and from 5 to 7 in the evening." Pity the poor girls with those school hours!

The Reverend Elisha Riggs who advertised the



TABLET ON WALL OF CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL HOUSE

opening of a Girls' School on September 2, 1795 quotes John Bennett on the kind of education a girl should have—this was in the *advertisement*:

"The elegant studies, says John Bennett, are more immediately your department. They do not require comprehensivment of mind; they give a polish to your manners and such liberal extension of your understanding as every *rational* creature should endeavor to obtain. There is not a son or daughter of Adam who has not some concern in the knowledge of geography."

"With history of our own country" (so recently begun) "you cannot decently be unacquainted. The history of Greece and Rome would be useful and entertaining. That species of history included under the name of biography is far the most useful to a woman. Instead of wars, victories or great achievements, which are not so much within the province of a female, it presents those domestic anecdotes and events which come more forcibly home to her bosom in her curiosity." Thus writes Bennet.

From the *Lancaster Journal*, January 2, 1808:—

The pupils in the Seminary under the direction of Mr. Jos. Twibill will undergo an examination in the different branches of English education on Tuesday next, at 2, which the patrons of said Seminary friends of Literature and members of the Legislature are particularly invited to attend. Also N. B.—August 12, 1808:—

J. Twibill has at considerable expense procured for his pupils the lately invented stereotype copy books by which children are enabled to form the most

perfect letters in one third the time required in the ordinary way.

Paul Boggs from Ireland inserts the following in the *Lancaster Journal*, October 24, 1809:—

“Paul Boggs informs the inhabitants of Lancaster and vicinity that he will teach Latin and Greek authors as far as they are used in school preparatory to a university, grammar, arithmetic, reading and writing, etc.” This gem also:—“He returns his thanks for the liberal patronage—as being a stranger—He also flatters himself with the idea, from his assiduity to his vocation and proficiency of his pupils, that general satisfaction has been given.”

John Webb opened the English School on West Orange Street in 1816. “Those who may please to favor him with their custom,” he announces in the ad, “may rest assured that the strictest attention will be paid to their children’s education and morals.” Also notes that:

“Children from the country can be accommodated with boarding and lodging.—Either sex can be accommodated with separate apartments.”

Terms of tuition

Spelling and reading—per quarter . . . \$2.50

Writing, including ink—per quarter . . 3.56¼

Arithmetic, including ink—per quarter 3.56¼

The Pennsylvania Legislature enacted what are called Pauper Laws in 1802, 1804 and 1809 according to which children whose parents could not pay for tuition could attend private schools and the county would pay. Mr. J. Montgomery who had a school refers in January 1817 to “all scholars paid

for by the county at ten cents a day.” He also had a unique rule as read, in his ad:—

“Persons who are in the habit of indulging their children with seeking their own pleasure about the streets when they ought to be in school shall be charged with the absent twice at above rate.”

So private schools for instruction in the three R’s, in the classics, also in French came and went. There were schools also for Dancing, Painting, Music and Fencing. A singing school was opened by two gentlemen on Sunday evening. Terms two dollars per quarter.

Later Mrs. Wm. Blackwood’s select private school for girls was popular. Here a number of the ladies of today’s Lancaster received their education. At Mrs. Blackwood’s death her daughter closed the school which stood as a centre of culture and refinement in the city.

The last two private schools on Orange Street were Lancaster College for Young Ladies and the Shippen School for Girls. In 1908 Lancaster College, whose principal was professor A. Moore, was joined with Miss Stahr’s School to form the new Shippen School for Girls. Miss Stahr’s School was a college preparatory school formed in 1901 by Miss Helen Russell Stahr and Miss Alice Hill Byrne to prepare Lancaster girls for the leading women’s colleges. Shippen School occupied the north end of the lot of the old Shippen property at Orange and Lime Streets.

By 1833 came the public schools, later fostered by Thomas H. Burrowes, the father of the free school system of Pennsylvania.

Churches

In his "History of Education of Penna." J. P. Wickersham has this to tell us about the Moravians:

"Bishop Spangenberg organized a congregation of Moravians in Lancaster in 1745 and a year later a church and school house were built at the corner of Orange and Market Streets. Nixdorf was the first teacher. The school house was used as a parsonage until 1849. This Moravian congregation continues to the present day with notable names of Lancaster on the roll of its membership. Among others the Henrys, the Becks, the Brickers, the Steinmans, the Shreiners and the Hochs, people of sterling characters and notable achievements.

The First Reformed church of Lancaster also has a fine history. Its first records of a service of worship date back to June 20, 1736. The church was a pioneer log building. The grant from James Hamilton for the ground deed was given on October 5, 1741.

The roster of its ministers began with the Rev. John B. Rieger, 1739. In 1766 the Rev. William Hendal was pastor. On December 14, 1766, he baptized an infant 11 days old, named Barbara Hauer. She afterwards married John C. Fritchie and lived in Frederick, Maryland. In her old age she figured in the dramatic incident as a patriot, immortalized by the poet Whittier, in a poem, "Barbara Fritchie," in which these lines appear:—

"Shoot if you must this old gray head but spare our country's flag she said."

The Rev. Henry Harbaugh a noted divine wrote

the well loved hymn:—"Jesus I live to Thee," while pastor of this church.

This church also promoted education by establishing a school. These so-called charity schools were not actually charity but depended on contributions of the church congregations.

Dr. H. M. J. Klein, in his "History of Lancaster County," tell us in the later neighborhood schools, Trustees were elected who took charge of the property and selected teachers.

Also during the pastorate of the Rev. Harbaugh the church divided into two branches—St. Paul's Reformed was the English branch and the First Reformed, the German. The Rev. John Titzel was long the faithful pastor of the First Church. The Rev. W. Stuart Cramer, D.D., succeeded him and under his pastorate the church was renovated and its history carefully compiled. During his pastorate the Diffenbaugh Home for the Aged received from one of the members of the church the sum of \$240,000 and the house on Duke Street.

There is a legend of the ringing of the old church bell by a young girl to arouse the citizens of the approach of the Indians to attack.

In a history of the First Reformed Church, Lancaster, by the Rev. Dr. W. Stuart Cramer, he states that according to a credible tradition the bell of this church hung for a time from the limb of a hickory tree. In 1746 the steeple of the building was erected. "A bell and a large clock were purchased, the whole congregation contributing thereto" reads

an old record. Tradition has preserved the fact that on an emergency occasioned by the sudden incursion of hostile Indians into "Hickory Town" (the early name of Lancaster) a heroic woman rushed into the Reformed church and gave the alarm to the neighborhood by ringing the church bell. Marie Salome Le Roy was the girl, according to one of her descendants Mrs. Mary N. Robinson who wrote these lines:

"Over old Lancaster's quiet town,
The August moon looked calmly down;
No fairer maid in Lancaster Town
Than Salome Le Roy, with eyes of brown;
Scarce had she numbered of years sixteen,
Yet is she stately and fair of view.
Why does she stare from her window now?
Why does that shadow cross her brow?
She springs to her feet, with smothered sigh
For she knows it is a Redskin's cry.
But swiftly, silently through the street
She hurries onward with flying feet.
It is now long past the midnight hour
Salome hath reached the belfry tower.
Ring maiden, Ring with all your might
Life and limb are in peril tonight!
Upon the ear of Lancaster men
The bell's alarm strikes not in vain.
Quickly the foe is driven away—
The town is saved from a fearful fray.
They know that they owe both life and land
To the bell rung by a maiden's hand."

St. James

Just before time for services on any fair Sunday morning in Lancaster, the corner of Orange Street and Duke Street is thronged with church goers. At least seven churches of the leading denominations are within two blocks of that site. Directly on the northeast corner of this intersection stands the old and historic St. James Episcopal Church. Back of this beautiful edifice is its church yard. Here for two hundred years have been interred Lancastrians of note. Among the names to be deciphered on the impressive marble tombs are Shippen, Ross, Barton, Yeates and Coleman. The old trees arch along Orange Street overlooking the brick walled burying ground. Looking through the iron gates of this quiet churchyard, one is aware that histories of the people here interred could furnish stories of greatness, glorious or tragic.

Plots of ground had been given to each of several denominations when Andrew Hamilton, the Philadelphia lawyer and his son James Hamilton, later Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania, laid out the site of Lancaster as a town two miles square. But for some time after, there were no buildings in which to hold services. A great Indian treaty conference, from June 22 to July 4, 1774 at the Court House, held religious services according to the rites of the Episcopal Church. At this conference were: (a) Lt. Governor of the Province, George Thomas, (b) Conrad Weiser, interpreter to the Indians, and (c) deputies of Indian tribes, including Senecas, Cayugas, Oneidas, and Tuscaroras.

Soon after this conference St. James Episcopal Church was organized and had as rector the Rev. Richard Locke. Then a small church was built on the plot assigned to the Episcopalians. In 1755 the Rev. Thomas Barton assumed the charge. Lancaster County was kept in constant alarm all through these years by Indian raiding parties, in spite of the treaties. During the French and Indian War the Rev. Barton went as a chaplain with the British campaign—the “Forbes expedition” which resulted in the capture of Fort Duquesne, Nov. 1758.

On Tuesday, December 27, 1763, when a beautiful Christmas service was being conducted by the Rev. Barton, the doors of St. James Church were violently thrown open and voices shouted, “The Indians murdered—the jail—the Paxton boys.” It was recorded:—“All was consternation, alarms, screams, uproar. Edward Shippen, the Chief Magistrate, hastily was summoned. He arrived at the jail too late. All had been accomplished by the horsemen and the troop fled, safe from pursuit.”

The Paxton boys, so called, came to revenge the murders, burnings, scalpings of the settlers in Paxton Township, by the massacre of 14 Conestoga Indians, last of the original tribe of Lancaster County, who had been placed for safety in the work house in the care of the jailer at Prince and W. King Streets. These Paxton boys, mostly Scotch Irish from above Harrisburg, rode, well mounted and armed, down along the Susquehanna, then entered Lancaster and killed all the Indians. The bodies of the murdered

Indians received Christian burials in one large grave at Chestnut and Duke Streets.

According to the “History of St. James Church” by Dr. H. M. J. Klein:—“When the 2nd Continental Congress met in Phila., May 10, 1775, and elected Geo. Washington Chief of the Continental Army, most of St. James vestrymen were ardent patriots. George Ross, a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, risked his life and fortune by signing the Declaration of Independence. Robert Coleman was a member of the General Assembly and Judge of Court of Common Pleas for twenty years.” However, not all the members of the church were patriots. The rector, Mr. Barton, now found his situation very difficult. He was faithful to his ordination vows and remained loyal to the King of England and read prayers for him in church. The financial burden of St. James was great. The Continental Congress had stopped all exports. The farmers and trading people were left without money and financial distress became general in the 13 colonies. The last service in St. James was held June 23, 1776. The population of Lancaster was being aroused and after the Declaration of Independence was signed July 4, 1776, the majority of St. James members would not allow the liturgy to be read unless the collects and prayers for the King were omitted. Mr. Barton was confined to his home. The church was closed for five years and “boarded up so as to prevent destruction by lawless elements.” Mr. Barton left Lancaster, disposing of his fine botanical gardens which no doubt were started through the influence of David Rittenhouse,

his famous brother-in-law of Philadelphia. Jasper Yeates wrote a testimonial to the Rev. Barton, stating:

"As a Christian, he was an exemplary and zealous minister of the Church of England."

In 1783 St. James Church was reopened for worship. The new rector, the Rev. Joseph Clarkson, took an active part in adapting the English Book of Common Prayer to the use of the Episcopal Church of the United States.

In later years its pastors were the Rev. Walter Russell Breed, the Rev. Clifford Twombly whose interest in social problems was of paramount importance to him, and the present rector the Rev. Robert Batchelder.

The First Presbyterian Church of Lancaster has just built a new manse on Orange Street east of the Evans Memorial Chapel which with the large church edifice with its glorious Tiffany windows and the modern Sunday School Building occupy a large place in the religious life of Lancaster.

In 1769 this church was given its first regular pastor in the person of the Rev. Dr. John D. Woodhull. Funds had been collected for the church building since 1760. When Dr. Woodhull took charge his people were still worshipping in the Court House, where Robert Fulton, father of the inventor, led the singing. In 1770 the church building was occupied. Dr. Woodhull was a Revolutionary leader. He urged every member of his church to enter the Service in defense of freedom. Serving as Chaplain for the 5th Battalion, Lancaster County Militia, he remained

with the fighting forces for the duration. Later he was one of the first trustees of Princeton University.

It is recorded that, "In 1770 Governor Hamilton granted the lot of ground 64' by 245' on the south side of Orange Street to Edward Shippen, Robert Boyd, William White, Henry Helm, William Montgomery and their successors for a church of religious worship, a school and burying ground." This was lot "19" on which the Educational Building is now erected. The lot to the north which the present First Presbyterian Church occupies was purchased in 1825 for five hundred dollars.

The next pastor, Rev. Nathaniel Sample, received as his compensation from "The English Presbyterian Church of Lancaster" one hundred bushels of wheat each year. In his ministry of forty years, this church increased rapidly in members. By the time the next minister came, the Rev. William Ashmead, his salary was one thousand dollars in quarterly payments. He was much loved but acquired tuberculosis and died at the age of 32. Then came four or five noted and learned pastors. In 1841 the Rev. John McNair came and in his time "a new church building was erected and the number of pews necessary so the pew rents were within the means of the poorest in the city." Thaddeus Stevens was one pew holder who doubtless approved this change. From 1857 and through the strenuous years of the Civil War, Rev. Walter Powell was the minister.

The church was divided in 1851 into two parts. On the 9th of July 1857, Rev. Walter Powell was ordained and installed as pastor. During the early part

of his ministry the breach between the two branches was healed, and the struggle to maintain separate existence was happily brought to an end in 1858. The debt on the church edifice was paid. In 1864 a comfortable house was purchased for the use of the pastor and family and the church edifice, chiefly through the exertions of the ladies of the church, was put into a better state of repair. How history repeats itself, one notices.

During the summer of 1867, the health of Mr. Powell became so much reduced that he was unable to perform his duties. The congregation granted him a six months leave of absence but the respite came too late. He gradually grew weaker and succumbed in January 1868. After several months Mr. George Robinson was extended a call and was installed as pastor Sept. 8, 1868. The membership then stood at 255. Now in 1954, in the pastorate of the Rev. John M. Gordon, the members number almost ten times as many.

Among the pastors were the Rev. James Y. Mitchell, D.D. at whose death the church called to its pastorate the Rev. Lewis S. Mudge. From this church Dr. Mudge went on to Harrisburg for a time and then became Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly, the highest office a man can hold.

Later pastors, Rev. Robert McGowan, a Scotsman, was succeeded by the Rev. John T. Reeve, D.D. of English extraction who after years of successful preaching in Syracuse, N. Y. has again taken his place as a member of the congregation.

The Rev. Walter Edge was followed by Rev. Henry Strock, D.D., whose two sons are ministers also. Upon his retirement the Rev. John M. Gordon assumed the office of pastor, with the Rev. Francis E. Scott as associate pastor.

CHAPTER IV

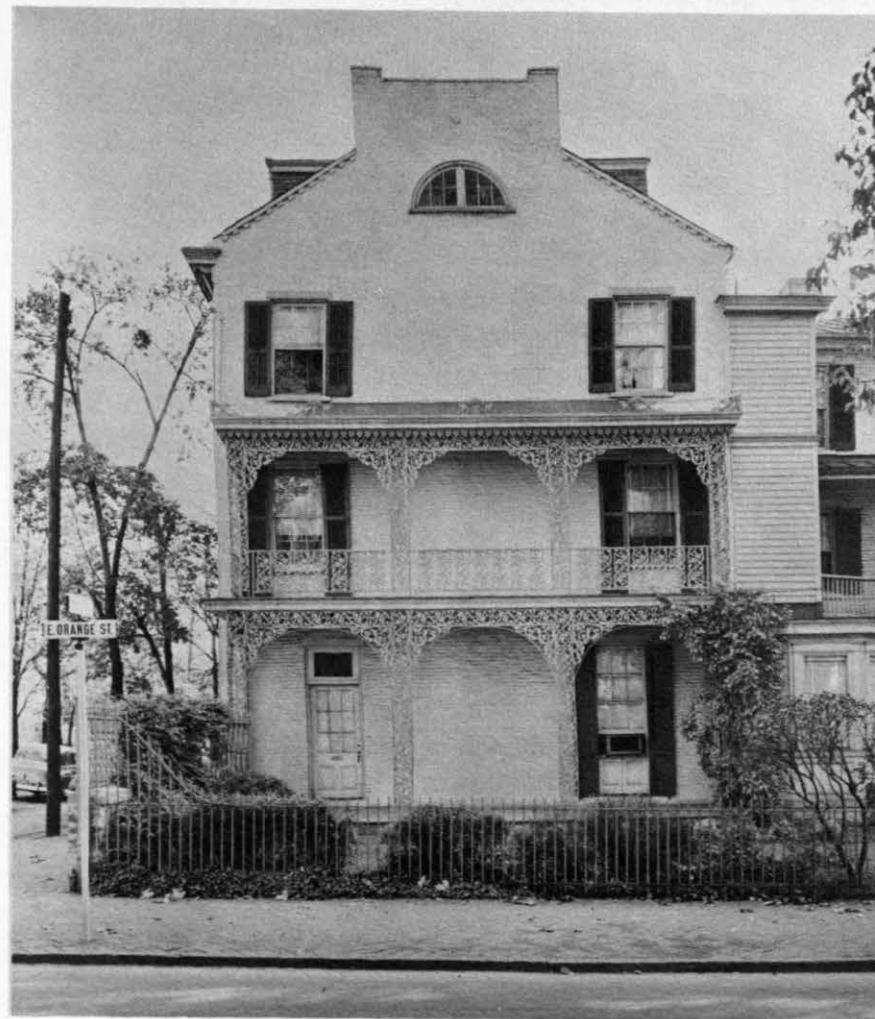
Processions

PROBABLY the Indians on a path through the woods were the first travellers on what is now Orange Street. When a settlement of white men was made in Lancaster, then called Hickory Town, in 1730, there were only 200 white inhabitants. William Penn had made a treaty with the nearby Susquehanna Indians about 1683 and peace was established between the settlers and the Indians.

In 1744 there met in Lancaster Chiefs of the Six Nations and the rulers of Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland to make new important treaties.

It is interesting to learn of the arrival of the Indians of the Six Nations with their followers and attendants. They came into the town to the number of 252. We can picture the procession as described by William Marshe, Secretary of the Maryland Commissioners, as follows: "Several of the squaws and some of the children rode on horseback. They brought fire arms, bows and arrows and tomahawks. A great concourse of people followed them and they marched in good order with Canassatego at their head. He was the Chief of the Onondagoes who when he came near the Court House where we were dining sang in the Indian language a song inviting us to a renewal of all the treaties. Conrad Weiser, their interpreter, followed and then Governor Thomas. Then the Indians were conducted out east to vacant

lots probably near the Conestoga Creek where boards and poles were placed. Of these and some boughs of trees, the Indians made their wigwams where they resided during the treaty discussion days. The treaty was to take care of the claims the Indians made for payment and satisfaction for lands the settlers had taken—extra territory than was agreed on in earlier pacts. The two head chiefs were about 60 years old but nimble and lusty. The commissioners all went out to their camp to call on them. They began after a while to paint their faces and look frightening. Then everyone went to the Court House and the Indians streamed down between five and six o'clock. Governor Thomas of Pennsylvania seated himself on the chair of the Judge's Bench, and the commissioners of the three states were seated around him and the treaty began. That evening many of the white people went out to the camp to see a light war dance in a ring around a lighted fire. The Lancaster whites were amused to see the papooses at the camp, scrambling for pennies. On Saturday the Chiefs dined at the Court House. The sachems sat at two tables, one headed by a famous orator Conassatego. The chiefs seemed prodigiously pleased with this feast for they fed lustily and drank heartily of cider mixed with water. On July 4th, the last day, a gold laced hat was presented by the Maryland Commissioners to a Chief about 40 years old and the Virginians gave him a scarlet coat. During the meetings a board was brought in and drawings of the lands in dispute were made by the Indian Canassatego. Before leaving the Indians asked the people of the town to repair their



HOUSE WITH OLD IRONWORK

pots and kettles, which was done. They seemed satisfied and pleased with the large quantities of goods which the whites gave them in return for the land. During these days these were brought to the lower floor of the Court House where most of the meetings were held; and the accounts settled." The Conestoga tribe were faithful many years to their promises but reduced to a very small number and later asked for protection by the Lancaster settlers. When they were promised tracts of land and protection by the whites, they asked for a "walking stick" which they explained meant a keg of rum. Thus the phrase of "Lemonade with a stick in it" is as old as the time of the Indians who walked over the path which now is Orange Street.

An account of July the 4th, 1804, tells of Governor McKean participating in the Independence program in Lancaster, the seat of government of Pennsylvania. At daylight a morning gun was fired and bells of the churches rang throughout the day. At ten o'clock a procession was formed in front of Franklin College on Orange Street. First came the Light Infantry Company commanded by Captain Atlee, in front. Then came the officers of the Commonwealth and the Burgesses and finally the citizens. The procession moved down Orange to Duke Street to King Street to Queen Street and then up Orange Street to the English Presbyterian meeting house. There the Light Infantry opened to right and left and the Procession entered. The Light Infantry piled arms and took seats reserved for them for the ceremony. A prayer by the Rev. Mr. Latta was followed by the

reading of the Declaration of Independence by Col. Timothy Matlack, Master of the Rolls. After a sermon and prayer, the Light Infantry formed and fired a Federal Salute. At two o'clock an elegant dinner was provided at the house of Mr. Leonard Eicholtz where Col. Matlack was Chairman and 17 toasts were drunk. The day closed with an evening gun.

Doubtless many covered wagons passed over Orange Street on their way to the western territories.

There seems something strangely inspiring, however, about the Academic procession on the evening of June 7, 1853. This was a parade signifying the pursuit of knowledge and wisdom.

In 1787, the year of Franklin College's founding, eminent statesmen were still engaged in framing a national constitution. Many of the heroes of the Revolution, as well as the younger generation, were making plans for the new nation. It was thought that the Pennsylvania Germans should be more highly educated in English branches, so as to fit them into their place in the future of the United States. A number of leading citizens of Lancaster among them Jasper Yeates, George Ross and Charles Hall, Esq., some years before had realized that the schools of the Lutheran, the Reformed and the Moravian congregations of Lancaster were incapable of teaching their pupils anything in the higher branches of learning. So an instructor was brought to Lancaster to conduct a select Academy. In a few years this school developed and led to the idea of a larger more permanent educational institution. Under control of trustees and by an act of incorporation passed by

the Legislature, Franklin College was established. "From a profound respect for the character of His Excellency the President of the State, Benjamin Franklin," wrote William Bingham, one of the Trustees "this institution shall be called Franklin College."

Besides William Bingham there were other Philadelphians, Thomas McKean, Thomas Mifflin, Robert Morris and Dr. Benjamin Rush. Peter Muhlenberg, of Lancaster, was also included in the list of trustees.

Dr. Benjamin Rush wrote a twenty-two page letter, describing his excursion to Lancaster for the founding of Franklin College on June 6, 1787.

Another old letter is preserved, written by a daughter of Jasper Yeates of Lancaster on June 8, 1787. She describes a dinner given at her parents' home for the Trustees from Philadelphia and elsewhere, who had come to the dedication of the college. The exercises were held in the Court House.

Young Franklin College had many difficulties of management, faculty and finances as the years went on. The Trustees purchased the site of the old Lancaster Academy at the northeast corner of Orange Street at Lime. The grounds and building were purchased for \$593.34. New buildings were added in line with needs of the college.

Meanwhile Marshall College had been organized and developed at Mercersburg, Pa.

In 1853, the merger of the two colleges was definitely arranged and Franklin and Marshall College was founded.

On a June evening in 1853, a procession formed on

Orange Street, at the corner of Lime. From Franklin College at that location, the Board of Trustees led the Faculty, the students, the clergy of the city, the Mayor with Select and Common Councils, the director of the Public Schools and other interested citizens, in a march down Orange Street to Prince and thence to Fulton Hall. Here the exercises of the founding of Franklin and Marshall College were presided over by the President of the Board of Trustees, the Hon. James Buchanan.

Who can measure the significance and importance of the union of Franklin College and Marshall College? From this location, later moved from Orange Street to its large campus west of Lancaster, young men of many college generations have gone out. Throughout the entire nation the influence of these men of Franklin and Marshall continue to make history to this very day, a full hundred years after that evening procession moved down Orange Street.

Later circus parades used Orange Street as they displayed cages of wild animals, pink ladies on white horses and all ending with the piercing notes of the calliope. In the 90's Buffalo Bill, that fabulous western leader in person, led his own Wild West Troopers along Orange Street before the show at McGrann's Park. He rode alone at the head, with real Indians and cowboys following on small western ponies, with lassoes attached.

Army veterans of the Civil War paraded until their ranks dwindled as Mexican war heroes had done. Returning remnants of the regiments of the Spanish American war paraded for victory in 1898. Later

the soldiers of the First World War marched down Orange Street with military precision. On Flag Days of more recent years, our veterans of World War II and the Korean campaign have used Orange Street as a marching ground.

Pleasant memories recall the June of 1904 when the residents of Orange Street saw a gay parade of the Road Drivers Association. The city's ladies dressed in colorful gowns and Merry Widow hats filled the carriages of their husbands and fathers in a display of horses and vehicles and feminine beauty outstanding in Lancaster's proudest days.

Later when bicycles were the newest vogue, a parade was given on Orange Street. Dozens of wheels decorated in bunting of every hue, flowers and flags drifted down Orange Street, to be judged as they passed Duke Street. To the riders of the most original and most beautiful entries, prizes were awarded.

Gay parties out for a hay ride drove east on Orange Street, some bound for the wharf at Conestoga Park where Captain People's steamer the "Lady Gay" ran as far as Rocky Springs.

Thousands of feet have passed in processions on Orange Street throughout the years. Today there are boy scouts, and girl scouts and school safety patrols. Still the new generations use the old street.

CHAPTER V

Presidential Romance

JUST FOUR steps from the iron fence which surrounds St. James Churchyard at Orange and Duke Streets there stands a marble tombstone. The stone is inscribed:—

Anne Caroline Coleman died December 9, 1819

Aged 23 years

This simple inscription explains why President James Buchanan remained a bachelor all his long life.

James Buchanan, probably Lancaster's most famous citizen and the only Pennsylvanian to be President of the United States, was born to James and Elizabeth Speer Buchanan on April 23, 1791 near Chambersburg, Penna. He attended a classical school at Mercersburg and entered the Junior Class of Dickinson College, Carlisle in the fall of 1807. Reprimanded severely and well nigh expelled for some student pranks in the fall of 1808, he missed graduating with honors, due to this misconduct. In December 1809 he came to Lancaster and began the study of law with The Hon. James Hopkins. He was admitted to practice in November 1818. His first public address was made at a meeting held in 1814 to obtain volunteers to march to the defense of Baltimore. The British had burned the Capitol in Washington. Buchanan was one of the first to register and

marched to Baltimore as a dragoon under Captain Henry Shippen.

The War of 1812 over, Buchanan applied himself assiduously to his law work. In 1814 he was elected to the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania and continued in office until 1815. By this time he was launched as a successful young lawyer. Elected to Congress in 1821, he began a distinguished career in public life, which ended only after his term as President of the United States.

As a young lawyer in Lancaster, he naturally was introduced to the social set of those days. "At the time," it was noted by one of his surviving sisters, "Lancaster had a cultural society of intellectual and social qualities far above the average." Buchanan's personality was pleasing, his manners impeccable and he was made welcome to the finest homes. Among the Lancaster belles of this period was Anne Coleman, daughter of one of the most aristocratic families. Her father was Robert Coleman, the wealthiest man in Lancaster, owner of iron furnaces and a member of the Vestry of St. James Episcopal Church. He also served as Associate Judge of Lancaster County Courts from 1800 on. Buchanan was welcomed as a suitor for Anne's hand. Their engagement was announced. In the summer of 1819, however, it was suddenly broken. All Lancaster was shocked in December to learn of Anne Coleman's death, reportedly a suicide, in Philadelphia where she had gone the day before.

In the old files of the *Intelligencer Weekly Advertiser* a story was told "by the only surviving witness, a

loyal member of the Coleman household, attendant upon Miss Anne's last and fatal trip to Philadelphia." Here it was stated that "one day in that summer of 1819, Buchanan, returning from a brief absence from town, made a short call at another house before he called at the Coleman home. The event being misreported to Miss Coleman's proud father, he took offense, and peremptorily dismissed his daughter's suitor. He was absolutely unwilling to listen to Buchanan's attempts at explanations and Anne was forbidden by her father ever to see her lover again. There were countless stories about what actually caused the break. The Colemans remained silent." I quote from an account by Mrs. James D. Landis who wrote, in a paper for the Lancaster County Historical Society, December 6, 1907, as follows:—

"An account of this affair, which has never before been published, was told the writer of this sketch by Mr. John F. Sehner and also by an old lady now living, who was a seamstress in the family of William Jenkins and vouches for the truth of the following story. Mr. Buchanan was associated in a law case with Mr. Jenkins. The case was argued before the Supreme Court at Philadelphia and Buchanan had gone to that city in the interest of the case. On his return home, he stopped at Mr. Jenkins' home to acquaint him with the details of the argument. A sister-in-law of Mr. Jenkins, a young and pretty lady, who was an inmate of his home at that time, came downstairs to greet him and engaged him in conversation. Mr. Buchanan took his departure, went home and ate

his supper. Then he dressed carefully to go see his fiancée.

"In the meantime a note had reached Miss Coleman, stating that Mr. Buchanan had returned from Philadelphia and had stopped to see another lady and that they had a very pleasant afternoon together. This angered Miss Coleman who was indignant that he should visit anyone before coming to her. When James Buchanan arrived at the Coleman mansion he was refused admission to see Anne, who wrote him a note breaking the engagement but with no explanation whatever. Mr. Coleman returned unopened a letter Buchanan wrote begging for a chance to explain. He never saw Anne again and to the end of his life endeavored to avoid meeting the person who wrote to Anne."

Whether all true or not the story has come down. Poor Anne pined and languished but obeyed her proud father's orders to drop Buchanan out of her life. Hoping to cheer her depressed spirits, in December her mother suggested a shopping expedition and a visit to her sister Margaret, wife of Joseph Hemphill living on Chestnut Street in Philadelphia. She set out on December 4th with her sister Sarah on the stage coach to Philadelphia. On the trip she caught cold but went about to the stores with her sisters. On Wednesday afternoon she became ill but rallied and rested in bed. Judge Hemphill and his wife were young and gay and enjoyed the plays and operas given at the Philadelphia Theatre at this time. On the evening of December 8th they took only

Sarah with them as Anne was unwell. No one knows exactly what caused her death that same night.

Judge Thomas Kittera of Philadelphia, who knew the Colemans well, wrote in his diary of December 9th this entry:—

"At noon yesterday, I met this young lady (Anne Coleman) on the street in the vigor of health but a few hours after her friends were mourning her death. She had been engaged. The match was broken. In the afternoon she had a fit of hysteria but in the evening as she was better her sister visited the theatre. After that Anne was attacked with convulsions. Physicians said this would soon go. It did but her pulse weakened and she died at twelve midnight. Dr. Chapman who spoke with Dr. Physick said it was the first time he ever knew hysteria to produce death."

The news of Anne Coleman's death swept through Lancaster. James Buchanan or in fact no one ever knew exactly what happened. Then came the bitter hatred of the Colemans for Buchanan and insidious suicide rumors. The Hemphills brought Anne home to Lancaster on Saturday, December 11th. She was buried Sunday in a dreary ceremony.

Professor Philip Klein, in a paper before the Pennsylvania Historical Society on October 23, 1953, says:—

In a case book by George B. Wood of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia it is stated that "cases of attempted suicide by laudanum were common in Philadelphia at this time."

And from G. D. Gilliam's notes on Dr. Chapman's lectures 1812-1822 opposite page 210 in the Uni-

versity of Pennsylvania Library, "It was Dr. Chapman's practice to administer opium or laudanum as a sedative in cases of hysteria. Could Anne have died of an overdose of laudanum whether taken by instruction, by accident or by intent?"

"All the evidence is circumstantial but people thought and talked even if they did not know. There was a public reaction to Buchanan and the Colemans' hatred of him was notable."

An Obituary Notice, which appeared in the weekly issue of *The Lancaster Intelligencer* of December 11, 1819, reads as follows:—

Obituary—MISS COLEMAN

Departed this life on Thursday morning last, in the 23rd year of her age whilst on a visit to her friends in Philadelphia. Miss Anne C. Coleman, daughter of Robert Coleman, Esq. of this city. It rarely falls to our lot to shed a tear over the mortal remains of one so much and so deservedly loved as was the deceased. She was everything the fondest parents or fondest friends would wish her to be. Although young, beautiful, accomplished yet her native modesty and worth made her unconscious of her attractions. This gifted young woman thus eulogized was betrothed to James Buchanan. [There is good reason to believe that he himself wrote this obituary.]

After her sudden death, the following letter to her father was written by the heartbroken young man. But upon its delivery Mr. Coleman recognized the handwriting as Buchanan's and returned it unopened. The letter reads:—

Lancaster
Dec. 10th

My Dear Sir:—

You have lost a daughter. I have lost the only object of my affections—without whom life presents to me only a dreary blank. My prospects are all cut off; and I feel that my happiness will be buried with her in the grave. It is now no time for explanations but the time will come when you will discover that she as well as I have been much abused. . . . I have now one request to make. For the love of God, and of your dear departed daughter whom I loved infinitely more than any other human being could love, deny me not; afford me the melancholy pleasure of seeing her body before its interment. I would not for the world be denied this request. I would like to follow her remains to the grave as a mourner. I would like to convince you . . . that happiness has fled from me forever."

An excerpt from Curtis' "Life of James Buchanan" published by Harper Brothers in 1883 states:—

"Soon after the catastrophe of Anne Coleman's death, Buchanan was offered a nomination for a seat in Congress. He did not suppose he could be elected but he accepted chiefly because he needed a distraction from a grief which was never to leave him. Great and uninterrupted as was his political and social success hereafter, he lived and died a widowed and childless man. Fortunately for him a sister's child, Harriet Lane, left an orphan, became like his daughter. She was educated with wisest care, and adorned with womanly accomplishments and virtues

the high public stations to which he was eventually called."

Although shattered by this blow, Buchanan tried to get a grip on himself and go back to work. Soon he left Lancaster for a time to seek distraction from his grief by going to his family's home in Mercersburg. After his return, friends obtained his permission to put his name in nomination for Congress of the United States.

Robert Coleman had an altercation a few years later with his daughter Sarah's devoted lover, the Rev. William Muhlenberg, the 26-year-old rector of St. James Church. The dispute was about holding an evening service, which Coleman, the senior vestryman, objected to. William Muhlenberg felt it his duty to have such a service. Then Robert Coleman forbade the rector ever to enter his house again. In his will, he left Sarah's part of his fortune in trust to be kept for her by her brothers and no part of the \$50,000 she would inherit should be accessible to her husband after she married. In 1825, Coleman died and Sarah left abruptly for Philadelphia where she mysteriously died at precisely the age of Anne at her death. Her brother Edward then forced Muhlenberg out of St. James Church by offering the vestry \$5,000 if he would resign by a given date—an offer which the vestry accepted and Muhlenberg voluntarily retired a week before the stated deadline. He never married nor returned to Lancaster.

President Andrew Jackson appointed Buchanan as Ambassador to Russia in 1831. He left New York in April and arrived in St. Petersburg in June. As a

diplomat with no experience, in this office, he displayed nevertheless sincerity, tact, honesty, common sense and gentlemanliness. Winning friends and influence, he was able to consummate the first commercial treaty between Russia and the United States which gave us valuable trade opportunities in the Baltic and Black Sea areas. He returned to America in 1833, highly commended by the President.

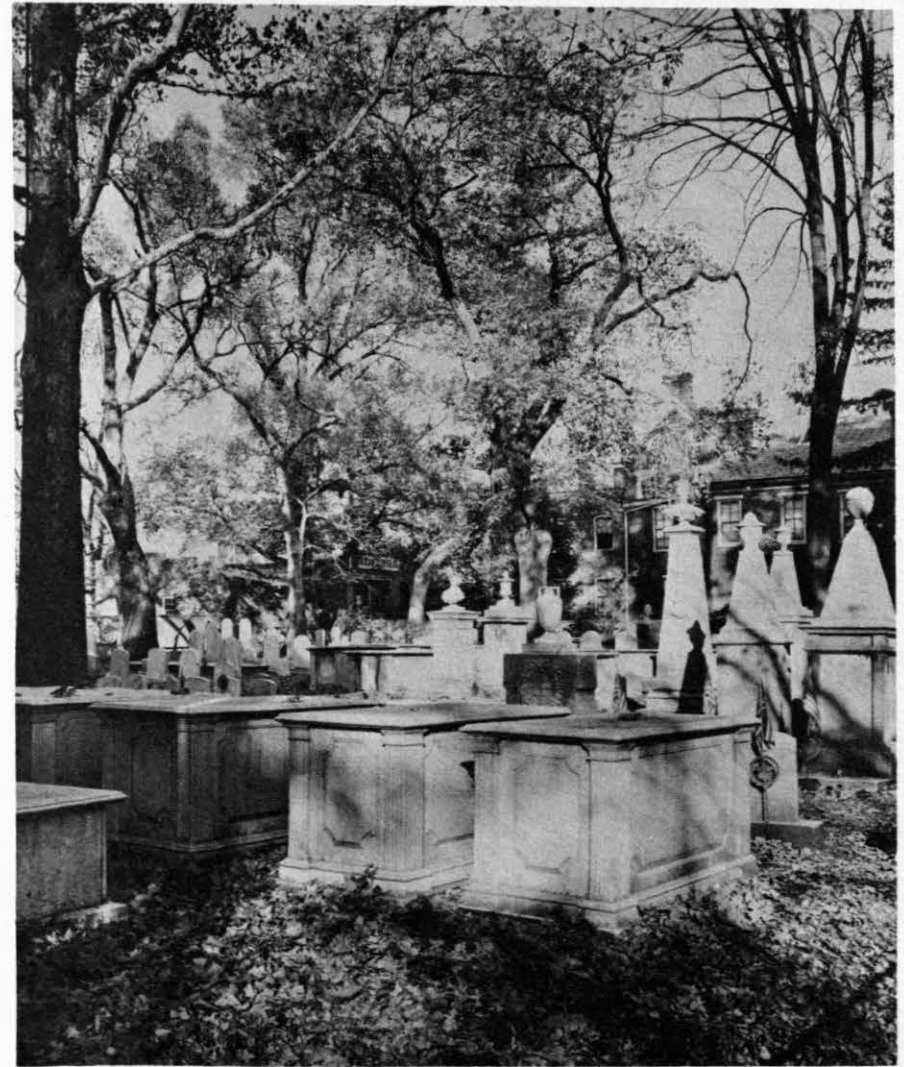
The year 1834 marked the election of Buchanan as Senator from Pennsylvania. Jackson then was re-elected with Martin Van Buren as Vice President. Many of the Senators were Buchanan's intimate friends. During most of his years in the Senate, Buchanan acted as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign affairs. His Russian experience made him capable in this position. Although he was a popular choice for Democratic President in 1844, he withdrew his name and Polk was elected. After consultation with Jackson, Polk offered to Buchanan the position of Secretary of State which he filled with great efficiency. Due to Buchanan's management, the question of the Oregon boundary and setting the parallel line at "49" was established and ties of friendship between the United States and England were strengthened. In 1849 Buchanan left Washington as Polk went out of office. He retired to his home Wheatland, near Lancaster. Again a new President, Franklin Pierce, called upon him to serve in 1852 as Minister to England. He arrived in London in 1853 and remained until 1856 winning praise and warm tributes as he again returned to American soil. That same year his name went on the ticket

as Democratic nominee for President and he won against Gen. Fremont the Republican. His term unfolded his twofold policy—1. to maintain unity of the States, and 2. to show that constitutional law must be followed. His quiet, unassuming leadership was lost sight of as sectional strife intensified. Several southern states seceded, Congress dallied, and the new star of Lincoln shone on the horizon. On March 9, 1861 Buchanan retired to spend the rest of his life in Lancaster. He had adopted years before his niece, Harriet Lane, the daughter of his oldest sister. She was beautifully educated and presided over the White House as his hostess with youthful charm and womanly grace. Later she married and lived for a time abroad.

"A truly humble and great man," says Charles Heathcote, Head of the History Department, West Chester State Teachers College, "Buchanan was Pennsylvania's very distinguished son and only president."

Dr. Philip Klein calls attention to the fact that "Buchanan's experience with Anne Coleman was typical of his whole life. It represented the cup of his fondest ambition turned bitter at the very moment of fulfillment through no evident fault of his own."

As he came up Orange Street in his last years to the Presbyterian Church on Sundays, no doubt his eyes looked across the narrow space to Anne Coleman's grave. Her sister Sarah lies there, too, next to them their mother and the stern proud ironmaster



SECOND STONE IS THAT OF ANNE CAROLINE COLEMAN

CHAPTER VI

People

IN THE PERIOD of the American Revolution, many people prominent in government resided on Orange Street. Among Edward Shippen's neighbors on Orange Street were Christopher Marshall, the diarist, and Timothy Matlack, clerk of the Assembly of Pennsylvania later called the Executive Council.

Christopher Marshall writes in his diary as follows:—September 29, 1777—"Many of the inhabitants of Philadelphia came today as did our President or Governor, The Executive Council and the members of the Assembly who met here this day in the Court House." Under date of October 20th he writes:—"As it was rainy weather we all went to bed past 8. Near 9, alarmed (awakened) by Timothy Matlack who came to inform us that an express had just arrived in town with the news of Howe's quitting Philadelphia and General Washington in full pursuit. This was joyful news—but Major Wertz came along soon with boy, lantern and candle on same errand. I then arose and conversed until he went away. Not long after this Robert Taggart came. After he was gone I went to bed. Not being easy, Dr. Phyle (who lodged here) arose. We dressed ourselves and went into town, met with many, heartily rejoicing. Then to Jordan's (a tavern), stayed in a large company until 12—then home, in the rain, to bed before 1."

January 6, he writes:—"I have taken scarcely any note of my wife Abigail's employments. She is busy not only with our family but the house is a constant resort of comers and goers who seldom go away with dry lips and hungry bellies. This calls for her constant attendance at getting prepared in the kitchen baking our own pies, bread and meat. Her cleanliness about the house besides in the orchard cutting and drying apples, and making cider, the constant drink of the family; her seeing all our washing done and my shirts which are all smoothed by her, besides the making of twenty large cheeses from one cow besides her sewing and knitting, etc. She looketh well to the ways of her household and reacheth out her hand to needy friends and neighbors. She has only been out four times to visit, not been sick since we moved here (6 months)."

Marshall was born in Dublin and had a classical education in London. Then he ran away from home and crossed the Atlantic to Philadelphia. Here he studied pharmacy and chemistry and founded a drug business supplying medicines to the Continental troops. He was a fighting Quaker and therefore disowned by the church for his active advocacy of the American cause. He was a member of the Committee of Safety. Moved to Lancaster, April 27, 1777. His diary notes there were many Hessian prisoners in Lancaster at this time. Notes in one entry—that "General Conway and Lafayette passed through Lancaster on way from York to Philadelphia and a ball was given for them."

On January 31st he writes:—"There was a bril-

liant ball, this being the third in our town, notwithstanding the grievous suffering that this State lies under. At the ball there assembled a great number of fops, fools, etc. of both sexes, old and young." He was disgusted.

Later he mentions, "Had a visit from John Carryle a Mennonite about the test oath and ten persons of the same persuasion were brought in from the county and committed to jail for refusing to take the oath of allegiance." This has a familiar ring in 1954, when the Amish went to jail for refusing to send their children over 14 to school.

June 27, 1779 comes this gem from his pen:—"After breakfast, I planted a number of coxcombs although there are a number of two-footed ones in this borough." A brief but delicious extract written Sunday July 26, 1778, is as follows:—"Fine sunshine, clear pleasant morning. A general stillness now from drums and fifes. The little birds with their mates chirping from tree to tree, the fruits and vegetables plenty and gay; the harvest got in. Thus hath Heaven blessed us. In the afternoon I went to the Dutch Presbyterian Meeting House (First Reformed) and heard a discourse by one Rev. Fifer. Returned with Edward Shippen who pressed me to stop at his house" (at the n.w. corner of Orange at Lime) "and drank a glass of beer of his own brewing."

The Timothy Matlack who woke Marshall up in the night to tell the glad news of British fleeing from Philadelphia lived in Lancaster from 1777 to 1817. He was a native of Haddonfield, N. J., of good solid

Quaker stock. Born in 1736, his family soon moved to Philadelphia and he was educated at the Friends School. Quaker life did not appeal. He was brimful of spirit and vigor, undauntedly courageous, fond of all sports, horse racing in particular. He became a member of the "Quaker Blues" where he was made Colonel. After the battle of Lexington he entered into the contest for liberty with his whole soul.

On July 24, 1776, he took his seat on the Council of Safety of Pennsylvania and was active in its deliberations. On military duty, too, he served in the campaign that ended in the Battle of Princeton.

Matlack was on many committees and a delegate to many conventions. He knew the inside history and transactions of the Continental Congress perfectly. His name appears on the list of signers of the Constitutional Convention of which Benjamin Franklin was president. Matlack was the first to read the Declaration of Independence from the steps of the State House. He died in Lancaster in 1817.

George Ross was the Lancaster signer of the Declaration of Independence.

General Edward Hand was the great physician, military leader and friend of George Washington. He was second in command of the Sullivan Expedition in the Revolution and the life of the whole plan which Washington conceived. By this decisive victory over the Indians of the Six Nations in upper New York, the colonists were relieved from the Indians constantly harrassing in their rear. Now the British army in front could be concentrated upon. General Hand

is buried in the St. James Episcopal Church yard on Orange Street.

In this Revolutionary era, also Col. William Henry was an outstanding figure. He conducted a gun factory to make and repair arms for the Continental Army. His wife, Ann Wood Henry, was a capable hostess, entertaining at their home such famous Americans as Robert Fulton, David Rittenhouse, Benjamin West, Tom Paine the writer, and the scientist Joseph Priestly. The Henrys after their marriage lived for a time in a rented house on Orange Street near Queen. But in 1760 they built a large red brick mansion back of their Moravian Church. When Henry, a man of many interests and abilities, died in 1796, after nine years service as Treasurer of Lancaster County, his wife Ann was named to succeed him. She discharged her duties creditably and also took care of their own fortune of 22,000 lbs. Her son John Joseph took part in the expedition against Quebec and immortalized the campaign in an accurate account of the heroes who attempted to take Canada for the Continental cause.

The city of Lancaster was incorporated by charter in 1818. The first mayor to take office was John Passmore. He had come from Newcastle, Del. to practice law in Lancaster at the age of 23. He married, and occupied the lovely red brick Georgian house with the sundial on its front at Orange and Shippen Streets. He married a second time Mary, the daughter of the Episcopal rector, Joseph Clarkson, D.D. He became Prothonotary of the Lancaster District of Supreme Court. In 1818 he was Alder-

man. At that time an ordinance was passed prohibiting smoking in the street. He was the first man fined for violating the law. It is said his coffin had to be conveyed to the cemetery on a wagon for he was a man of the great weight of 480 pounds.

These squares of Orange Street later in the 19th century and early 20th were the residences of several noted Judges. Chief Justice J. Hay Brown lived here. His law partner W. U. Hensel, Attorney General of Pennsylvania, lived right off Orange Street at Lime opposite Judge Eugene Smith. In the 100 block lived Judges Livingston, Montgomery, Brubaker, and Benj. F. Atlee. Just below Duke lived Judge A. B. Hassler. Prominent lawyers were there too—we mention Congressman J. Roland Kinzer, Hugh M. North, Richard M. Reilly, and Major Brenneman. John A. Coyle lived nearby. The Atlee family of noted doctors grew up on Orange Street and practised there. Dr. Letitia Frantz, a New Mennonite physician, practised near Shippen Street, and Dr. E. T. Prizer near Prince Street.

At Shippen and Orange Street was the home of Andrew Steinman, Editor of the *Intelligencer*, next door to the Scottish merchant James Shand. General Robert Davis, Chief of Staff of U. S. Army after World War I, was born at 241 E. Orange Street. Merchants and bankers also were included in the ranks of prominent Lancastrians, like the Slaymakers and Lochers.

Orange Street is represented in the list of artists of Lancaster. Baron von Ossko married Ella Brenneman of Lime and Orange Streets and settled there

at the home of his wife's family. He held the rank of Baron in the Hungarian peerage. His family for its service in conflict with the Turks received the title. His mother left Hungary for the milder climate of Heillron, Germany, where he was born and spent his early years. After graduation from Heidelberg, where he gained distinction as the fluent speaker of 9 languages, he travelled widely. He studied art in Italy, completing his courses at the Academy Julian in Paris. His hospitable studio at Orange Street and Lime was a place of charm. His oil and water color paintings hang in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Cincinnati. Portraits of many prominent Lancastrians portrayed his skill both in accuracy and an exquisite eye for color. He was a striking personage in the city, never without his cane. His waxed mustache gave him a foreign air but he had an innate love of people and took a lively interest in all his wide acquaintanceship in Lancaster.

Another artist of note was Letitia Herr Malone who lived with her husband the well-known lawyer John E. Malone at Orange and Shippen Streets. Mrs. Malone studied at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia; then in New York, with Mr. Chase at the Arts Students League. Later she painted in England and on the Continent. Although Mrs. Malone's work was well received in all mediums—oils and black and white, pastels, water colors and etchings—her lasting fame rests upon her work as an illustrator. She made a rare and beautiful contribution to Lancaster's group of artists.

Mrs. Malone knew Charles Demuth well and has written about this Lancaster artist who had many friends on Orange Street as a boy. She says in a paper before the Historical Society in 1948:—

“Charles Demuth was without doubt one of the finest water color artists of his period, if not of all time. In his lifetime only one other artist of this medium approached him, John Marin. Especially notable is Charles Demuth’s appreciation of the possibilities of the fugitive water color to depict the ephemeral quality of flowers and fruit.”

Charlie was always a frail boy and slightly lame, from a fall in infancy. He wore a built up shoe but nevertheless attended Lancaster dances with his friends. Socially he was delightful with wit, and had a fine sense of humor and understanding. At 18, after attending F. & M. Academy, he studied at Drexel Institute in Philadelphia. In 1905 he went to Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and two years later to the Darby School. He also spent summers painting at New Hope and Provincetown, Mass. He was fortunate in not having to earn his living by his work. When he studied in Paris from 1907 to 1912, he lived comfortably on his allowance and was not forced to sell his work until ready to submit it to the judgment of his public. He attended the school of the Academie Moderne. In 1919, he discovered that he had diabetes and suffered years from it until his death in 1935. He was Lancaster’s genius, if there ever was one. Demuth loved his native city with a real and abiding affection. He used to work in his

mother’s garden back of his home on frequent visits from his New York City location.

Musicians also of note can be credited to Orange Street ties. The foundation of Mary S. Warfel’s musical education was acquired at Sacred Heart Academy, on Orange Street. With this background and opportunities to study the harp under world famous masters of her chosen instrument, she was launched on a professional career and titled by New York City critics as the “Girl of the Golden Harp.” European travel added infinitely to the balancing of her education and in February, 1916 she made her formal debut at the Friday Morning Musicales held at Hotel Biltmore in New York City. This debut associated her with the greatest artists in the world in the “Golden Age of Music”; including Caruso, Galli-Curci, Heme, Calve, Destinn, Farrar, and Schumann-Heink. She was one of the original members of the Salzedo Harp Ensemble and appeared as an assisting soloist on programs with most of the above-mentioned artists.

Richard G. Appel as a very young student was organist at the First Reformed Church on Orange Street. After his graduation at Franklin and Marshall College, he went to Boston and achieved fame both as a composer and organist. He is now the Musical Librarian at the Boston Public Library.

Another Orange Street musician and pianist was Miss Anna M. Diller, later Mrs. Starbuck, wife of the psychologist and author. Her best friend Helen Martin, who wrote “Tillie the Mennonite Maid,” often came to the Diller home on summer visits and

the Orange Street nights would be filled with music as Mrs. Starbuck played.

Prisoner and Counterfeiter

AMONG so many fine and outstanding people and some not particularly notable but most respectable, it was a shocking fact to Orange Street residents to discover in 1897 that one of their neighbors was a counterfeiter and, with his partner, the perpetrator of the most dangerous crimes of counterfeiting ever committed in America.

Mr. William Jacobs lived in the third house east of Shippen on Orange Street. While people afterwards recalled that no nearby persons were known as friends of the Jacobs family, they were a quiet enough couple who had some young children and minded their own affairs.

Everyone knew that Mr. Jacobs seemed to be doing very well in his tobacco business. One day the residents of the corner of Orange and Shippen Streets were amazed to see the "Black Maria," a prisoners hack, drawn up in front of the Jacobs house. Several policemen led out Mr. Jacobs, in shirt sleeves and dark trousers, with no coat or hat, strongly handcuffed. Mrs. Jacobs holding a child by each hand stood in her doorway, looking after him as he was led away. Later William Jacobs made a complete confession. His masterly crime was succeeding very profitably with the aid of another Lancaster tobacco leaf dealer, William L. Kendig, and some high class Philadelphia engravers.

Secret Service experts had been put on the trail in Chicago when some boxes of cigars from Jacobs' factory in Lancaster, Penna. were discovered to be carrying counterfeit stamps which saved a tax of \$3.60 a thousand. It was somehow learned that the stamps were sent to Jacobs from the tobacco warehouse of William L. Kendig.

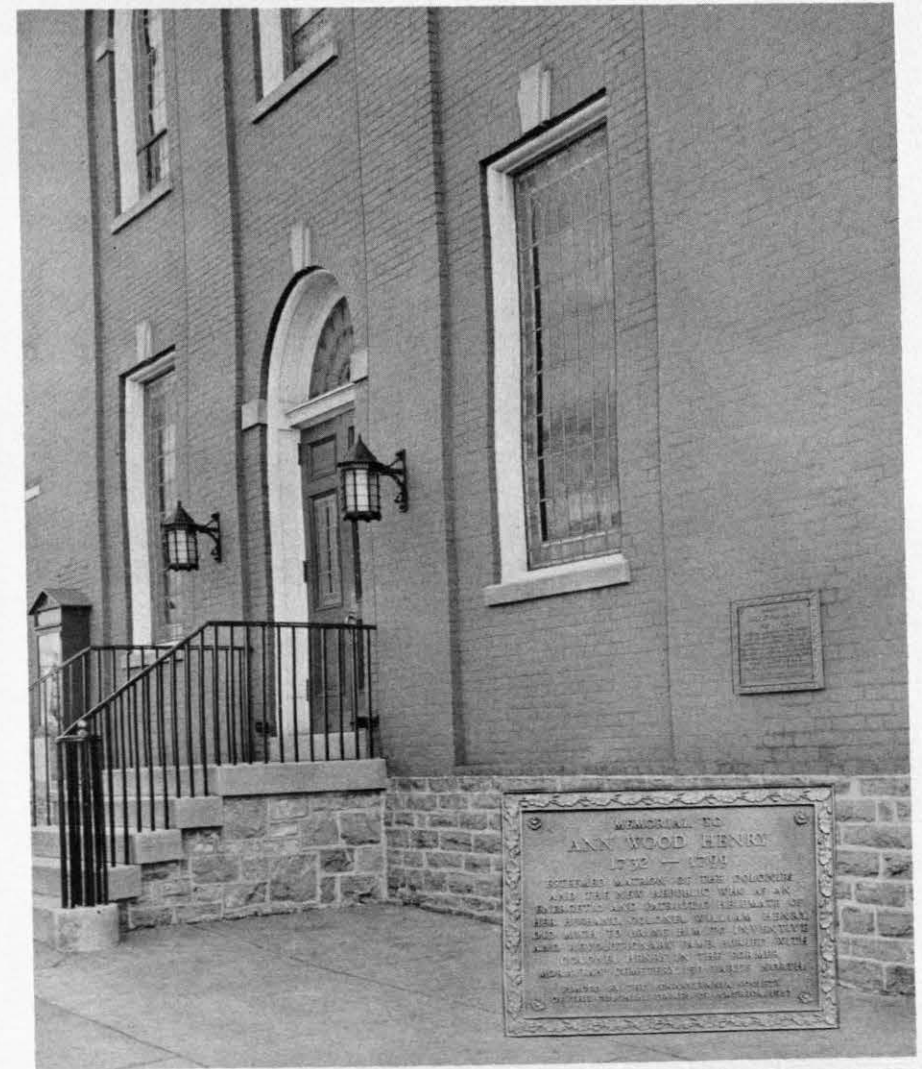
A short time previously an employee of the Sub Treasury in Philadelphia had examined a \$100 bill with the picture of President Monroe on it, which looked slightly off color at the seal. A member of the Secret Service found that the genuine bill had been split, the face and back turned inward and a counterfeit printed; a very clever job which almost but not quite defied detection. Several banks in Philadelphia had accepted these counterfeits and the Government had redeemed these notes, before the ruse was discovered. Secretary of the Treasury Lyman J. Gage ordered the Monroe notes all withdrawn from circulation.

William J. Burns came on from Chicago to Philadelphia to join in the search for the producers of the Stamps and Bank Notes. He professed to be looking for some high class engravers to hire. Two he learned about were charging such high prices that no one could afford to do business with them. However, it was noted that they worked early and late at their place of business. Detectives found that these men, Taylor and Bredell, were both experts at engraving. Could these men, who might be producing the bank notes, have any connection with the faked revenue stamps on the Lancaster cigar boxes?

Thinking along these lines, Mr. Burns went to Lancaster with a boy. Burns had him sell candy at the old Pennsylvania Railroad Station opposite Kendig's warehouse on North Queen St. One day, when Burns saw Jacobs and Kendig go out to lunch together, he had this boy who was Lawrence Ritchey, later one of President Hoover's secretaries at the White House, throw a ball through the window of Kendig's warehouse. Passing through the broken window, he opened the door for Detective Burns. They discovered great numbers of the revenue stamps packed in tobacco boxes. By watching from his hotel room opposite Kendig's warehouse, Burns observed Jacobs and Kendig consult together one midnight, had them followed when they went to bury a large package at a point outside the city.

When the Philadelphia engravers after a long and careful search had been caught and interrogated, Kendig was arrested by Burns one day as he entered his warehouse. He confessed that the stamps were made by Bredell and Taylor. Jacobs had been introduced to Taylor by a friend of both. Jacobs was the brains of the plot. It was he who had tempted Taylor to make the counterfeit revenue stamps, and Taylor got help from Bredell. The stamps were such an excellent imitation that Jacobs began to plan on a much larger scale. If these men could counterfeit stamps, he suggested, why not also bank notes? Kendig and the two engravers agreed. The engravers turned government witnesses at the trial. Their intention had been, they testified, to print ten million dollars worth of bank notes and divide it equally

among the four men. The Jacobs and Kendig trial concluded by sentencing Jacobs and Kendig each to 12 years in Atlanta Penitentiary. They were freed in seven years and went back into ordinary life never again trespassing the law. The Jacobs house on Orange Street was sold after his arrest and the family was never seen there again. Proud old Orange Street could once again hold up her head without public shame.



MORAVIAN CHURCH WITH MEMORIAL TO ANN WOOD HENRY

CHAPTER VIII

Philanthropists

ON TELEVISION screens, now in 1954, it is quite commonplace to see negroes and whites in the same group of performers. So it is difficult for modern citizens to appreciate how intense the feeling between the whites and blacks was in the days when Thaddeus Stevens walked on Orange Street. He could have been seen occasionally limping his way—for he was lame from birth—to services at the First Presbyterian Church on Orange Street at Cherry. Here he maintained a rented pew during his years as a citizen of Lancaster.

It was not at all unlikely that a number of the local Presbyterians in Colonial days were slave owners. Gradually all the negroes in Pennsylvania were set free but many continued to work for former masters as paid servants.

Stevens, who was born and raised in Vermont, had no knowledge of negroes until he moved to Pennsylvania. But he was one of the first in uncompromising advocates of freedom for all classes and races of men. The subject of the abolition of slavery he most ardently pursued. It was told that "Stevens with Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson urged Lincoln to issue the Emancipation Proclamation after the battle of Antietam in 1862. Lincoln however felt the time was not ripe."

Lancaster County was the home of several Quak-

ers who maintained stations of the "Underground Railroad." This was a means of conveying escaped slaves from the Mason and Dixon line to the Canadian border. These conscientious Quakers would receive the negro slaves at night and hide them all day until they could deliver them to the next station the following night. Sometimes the slaves were hidden in concealed closets or small spaces between walls of two adjoining rooms. All sorts of ingenious hiding places were used to assist these colored refugees to freedom.

There were a considerable number of negroes in the Welsh Mountain area. Some of them were freed slaves who settled there and were employed by the neighboring farmers and country gentlemen as house or farm workers or horsemen. There is a story told that one of the smart young negroes had eloped with the daughter of his white employer. Instead of the parental forgiveness the pair hoped for, the daughter was forced by her father to leave the husband and go to Canada and her name was never mentioned by her family again. In the family burial ground, however, her grave is marked with the other daughters side by side.

The "Christiana Riot" was an outbreak which created an uproar throughout the country. Thaddeus Stevens was a lawyer for the defense.

According to W. W. Hensel's account in a paper read before the Lancaster County Historical Society in 1906,

"On the 11th of September 1851, near the village of Christiana, Edward Gorsuch of Baltimore, Md.,

accompanied by deputies marshal and slave catchers, sought to arrest his escaped slave, who was hidden and protected in the house of a free colored man named William Parker. This place became the centre of a fierce battle and witnessed the first bloodshed in resistance to the 'Fugitive Slave Law.'

"There had been a gathering of negroes at Parker's house the night before the arrival of the slave catchers and the blowing of a horn soon collected a motley crowd of blacks, with a sprinkling of whites, armed with axes, hoes, pitch forks and corn cutters. In the onset upon the house, Gorsuch was killed by a shot from a gun, presumably in the hand of his own slave. His son was seriously wounded and the posse put to flight. Conspicuous among those who assembled were two prominent citizens of the neighborhood, Castner Hanway and Elijah Lewis, both of pronounced and well-known abolitionist sentiments and sympathies. Many people asserted the offense was treason in resisting by force and arms the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law and obstructing the U. S. Marshal in execution of due process of the Law. Wholesale arrests followed, including Hanway and Lewis and a score of negroes."

When the case came to trial in the U. S. Circuit Court in November these defendants were charged with treason.

Mr. Hensel continues as follows:

"For prudential motives, the leading part of the defense was assigned to John M. Read, a Democrat. But Thaddeus Stevens was the central figure and dominating spirit of the scene, which was rendered

especially picturesque by the two dozen accused colored men sitting in a row, all similarly attired, wearing around their necks, red, white and blue scarfs, with Lucretia Mott, the famous abolitionist, sitting at their head, calmly knitting. The frightened negroes half hopefully regarding her sidewise as their guardian angel, and the tall stern figure of Stevens as their mighty Moses." The presiding judge was forced to admit that the accused had not been proved to have been involved in a transaction which "rose to the dignity of treason of war." The prisoners were acquitted. It is by no means certain that Mr. Stevens was not led to deprecate lawlessness even in advancement of his pronounced abolition ideas. "He must be regarded as a skillful, brilliant and successful trial lawyer who brought to his cases at the bar great natural qualities, a liberal education and arduous special preparation. He had gained a broad knowledge of men and had unbounded physical courage and moral fearlessness," continues Mr. Hensel's paper.

Thaddeus Stevens, "The Great Commoner," was born in Vermont in 1792. His name Thaddeus was given for the Polish leader Thaddeus Kosciuszko who assisted the Colonial Armies in the Revolution. His widowed mother aided in procuring him a college education and he graduated from Dartmouth. Then to engage in teaching, he came to York, Penna. and remained in Pennsylvania all his life. He first read and practiced law in Gettysburg. By industry and luck he became an Iron Master and built the Caledonia Furnace near Chambersburg. However, his

business career came to a sad state. Between ventures in business and expenses in politics, in which he was now embarked, Mr. Stevens was in debt and "land poor." He decided to move to Lancaster mainly to better his personal fortunes and to extend his practice and not without thought of more enlarged political possibilities.

His political career began in 1833 in the Pennsylvania legislature, where he presented a brave, eloquent and effective defense of the common school system. "In Lancaster he was nominated by the Whig Party and elected to Congress in 1848. At once he threw himself into the arena as the aggressive foe of slavery" writes Dr. H. M. J. Klein. "In 1850 he made his first great speech against the slave curse and proved himself a foeman worthy of the steel of the most prominent men of the anti-slavery party. He followed his profession as a lawyer in Lancaster from 1853 to 1859 and became the leader of his Republican party and able counsellor of President Lincoln."

In personal life, also, his name was associated with negroes. His housekeeper for many years in Lancaster and in Washington was a mulatto widow, Lydia Smith. Although she was a devout Catholic gossip persisted that her relationship to the eccentric bachelor, Stevens, was more than platonic. This has been stoutly denied by many of Stevens intimate associates, all of whom referred to her with greatest respect. Be that as it may, Stevens was the advocate of equality for the negro citizens and is buried at his own request in Shreiner's Cemetery in Lancaster, the

only burial place where negroes could be interred, equally with whites.

Mr. Hensel states that in Lancaster, Mr. Stevens seemed to have no social aspirations nor elevated domestic tastes. He loved solitude and study.

"Old Thad Stevens be-wigged and club footed—sarcastic—whom few could love but to whom none could be indifferent or lukewarm." Thus he is described by a biographer, R. N. Current of Rutgers University.

Thaddeus Stevens was Lancaster's great philanthropist in leaving his fortune for a boys' industrial school. That splendid institution, the Stevens Industrial School for Boys, was his gift by his will, to be "open to boys with no distinctions of race or color." Its work in educating boys in trades and industry today is increasingly important and useful.

Charles Sumner in his eulogy upon Stevens' death said, "It is as a defender of human rights that Thaddeus Stevens deserves our homage. He takes his place among illustrious names which are the common property of mankind."

Strolling along Orange Street, may we not pause to consider that strange but generous character Thaddeus Stevens, who almost a century ago was engaged in pressing issues of education, of freedom and of human rights which are still paramount today.

Orange Street has had numerous citizens who by their generosity have enriched and beautified its life.

Miss Catherine Long lived at Duke and Orange Street in the house occupied now by the Hamilton

Club. She was the only daughter of President Judge Long of the Lancaster County Courts. She was driven about the streets in her handsome carriage for many years by an Irish coachman. His wife was said to have been an Irish noblewoman when they eloped and came to America in their youth. At Miss Long's death it was found that Lancaster was her beneficiary. The stately Long Home for Women was her legacy to the city, as well as beautiful Long's Park which occupies an extensive tract of land west of Lancaster on the Harrisburg pike. There is a lake and a golf course besides plenty of tree-shaded recreation ground.

Another much beloved benefactor of Lancaster, not a native son either, was Henry S. Williamson. Possessed of a sociable and unselfish character, this Lancaster merchant both during his lifetime and by his will gave generously to the city. His gift of Williamson Park, a tract of land of natural beauty southeast of the city, through which the Conestoga Creek flows, has given pleasure to adults and children of three generations. As a trustee of Franklin and Marshall College, Mr. Williamson, who took a personal interest in the students' recreational facilities, presented the tract of land called for him Williamson Field. His family built the concrete grandstand there. Also a large contributor to the Lancaster General Hospital and to both the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. and the Shippen School, Mr. Williamson gave freely. As a trustee of the Presbyterian Church he was most devoted. His beautiful estate Upland

Lawn, still maintained by his daughter, was open for many charitable and social affairs of Lancaster.

Mr. P. T. Watt was a generous donor to the very fine Y. W. C. A. building at Orange and Lime Streets. Its centenary celebration this year calls to mind the magnificent gifts of Dulon F. Buchmiller who was the President of the Board of Trustees, while the building was erected and financed. Mr. Buchmiller also gave \$125,000 for the purchase of a rural park south of Lancaster, another beauty and recreational spot. In his will Mr. Buchmiller, a life long member of Trinity Lutheran Church, donated also a sum of \$25,000 to the deserving poor of the City of Lancaster, a gift of \$10,000 to the General Hospital and a bronze statue of James Buchanan which stands on the Buchanan park tract near F. & M. College. James Buchanan himself had left a "fund for coal for the poor of the city of Lancaster" many years ago.

The Kepler family were renowned for their philanthropies to Lancaster. A. C. Kepler was a merchant whose home was adorned with trophies of his hunting trips in this country, Canada and Mexico. An avid traveller he visited Europe often with his wife and their only daughter Miss Mary. Three sons died young and in their memory the Kepler Chapel was dedicated at Franklin and Marshall Academy. Miss Kepler was generous throughout her life to her church, the First Presbyterian on Orange Street. She resided for many years at Lime and Orange Streets just opposite the Y. W. C. A. building. This institution she served faithfully in many capacities, including president, and left her home

and a large part of her estate to it. Her mother had donated Kepler Lodge as a site and home for a Y. W. C. A. girls' camp at Martic Forge, including the old Smith mansion of historic fame.

The Hon. W. U. Hensel was also notable in his gift of the splendid Hensel Auditorium to Franklin and Marshall College of which he was a Trustee. His daughter Elizabeth Nauman made the gift in her will in his memory and at her father's request.

Mr. Hugh M. North was born and raised in Columbia, a noted lawyer and banker. In later years he and his wife took up their residence at 229 E. Orange Street. By will this house and its contents was deeded as a Museum to the city. However, the Trustees, finding it not feasible, have erected a more suitable and larger building on the campus of Franklin and Marshall College. This North Museum received large gifts also from Mr. North's sister, Mrs. Joseph M. Hutchinson, and from Mrs. Agnes Shand Hostetter in memory of her husband Harry B. Hostetter and his parents. Mrs. Hostetter is the daughter of the merchant who lived on Orange Street, James Shand, long president and benefactor of the Lancaster Y. M. C. A. He gave generously to the building and a tract of land for a Y. M. C. A. boys' camp—called for him Camp Shand. The organ at the First Presbyterian Church was a gift from him and his wife. Their son William Shand, also a trustee of Franklin and Marshall College, and his wife, a former Y. W. C. A. president, gave a large building of the Science Laboratories in memory of their son William Shand, Jr., a brilliant young scientist.

Another early Y. M. C. A. benefactor who served as president was Daniel S. Bursk, whose grandson Major General Daniel Bursk Strickler has brought lasting fame to Lancaster by his distinguished military career.

A. Herr Smith left a large bequest to the City of Lancaster for a free library on N. Duke Street just north of Orange Street. Others augmented this bequest. Today this library has been rebuilt and enlarged into a magnificent Public Library just starting on a career of usefulness and culture to the city and county of Lancaster.

The estate of the late Richard M. Reilly who lived and died on Orange Street, a lawyer and merchant, has given a large amount to the new structure of St. Joseph's Hospital.

There are doubtless other benefactors like Miss Mary Rettew to the Lancaster County Historical Society whose gift to be used for its new building is in memory of Mr. George B. Wilson the last private owner of Wheatland. The roll will lengthen.

So runs the story of a street in an old town in which at least eight generations have lived and shared each other's joys and sorrows. Through Colonial days, Revolutionary days, ante bellum days and more modern times they have given to the whole community a distinctive tone and character. They have woven their life and deeds into the very fibre and fabric of the Lancaster of today.

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